

MONTANA

the magazine of western history



INDIAN WARS • FT. SMITH & FETTERMAN • JIM BOWIE • THE BIG MUDDY

VOLUME NINE, NUMBER TWO

SPRING 1959

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR

MONTANA

the magazine of western history

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Published by

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Roberts, between 5th & 6th Ave., Helena

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—J. Frank Dobie



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MONTANA, the magazine of western history is published quarterly at Roberts and 6th Avenue, Helena, as the only magazine of general interest sanctioned by the State of Montana. Subscriptions, which include membership in the Society, are \$4 per year; \$7 for two years; \$10 for three years. Because of the continuity of subject matter it is recommended that subscription be on a calendar year basis, although this is not necessary. Single copies may be purchased at leading newsstands and bookstores. Some back issues are usually available here. We check facts but can not assume responsibility for statements and interpretations which are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. This magazine is entered as second class matter at the post office, Helena, Montana. Publication dates are January, April, July and October. For change of address, please notify at least 30 days in advance of the next issue.

ABOUT THE COVER. Around the turn of the century, so the legend goes, C. M. Russell staged a gallery exhibition of this and other paintings on a horse corral in the Sweet Grass Hills. The corral belonged to his friend and later cattle-raising partner, Con Price. This provocative, uncommon study appealed to Charles L. Clarke, whose ranch bordered the Lazy KY of Con and Claudia (Toole) Price to whom he was distantly related. Clarke paid \$50 for this oil as a gift for his sister, Claudia C. Kennett, wife of Samuel Hauser Kennett of Helena. It has remained in the family since then, and over the years has acquired the title *Indian Maid at Stockade*. This unusual portrait, shown in the Smithsonian (Wash., D. C.) exhibit of October 1956, now hangs in the C. M. Russell Room of the Montana Historical Society. Later, in order to settle an estate, it may be sold. If interested write to S. Clarke Kennett, Box 317, Helena, Montana.

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White Hopes of the Big Muddy

Grandson of Steamboat's Builder Recounts Exciting Attempts to Navigate Upper River

by Stanley R. Davison

Well, if not yet a steamboat, she was destined to become one, and she really was on the Beaverhead River, where Dr. Asa Lee Davison built her in the summer of 1885.

The frontier doctor had been bitten by the steamboat bug some years earlier, possibly in 1878 when the *Helena Weekly Herald* carried some stories about plans to navigate the Upper-upper Missouri. The journal reported the formation of the Montana Steam Navigation Company, with the startling news that the company's first boat "will start tomorrow!" But this vessel was not of the powered variety, only a Helena-built rowboat made to carry an exploring party down to the great falls. This trip was in charge of William F. Wheeler,¹ who kept a journal and gave the press an account of the voyage. On the strength of this and other adventures on the river, he acquired the honorary title of "Commodore" and the status of an authority on inland navigation, especially that on the Missouri headwaters.

Wheeler told how his party took the boat on a wagon from Helena to Stubbs' Ferry below the mouth of Spokane Creek. By late afternoon they had the craft afloat, and set out to make what distance they could before nightfall. Soon they entered what they called American Canyon, at the point where the Trout Creek bridge now stands. They made twelve miles and camped near the Gates of the Mountains. Next day they reached the mouth of the Dearborn, then early on the following morning shot the Half-breed Rapids, which were to figure largely in river history for a decade. The trip ended with an uneventful arrival at the falls.²

This navigation company included among its stockholders and officers such prominent Helena businessmen as Henry M. Parchen and Anton M. Holter. Their plan was ambitious, involving a rail portage around the falls to provide service from Fort Benton, the previously accepted head of navigation, to Helena landing, near Stubbs'. Even before the boat trip the company appropriated \$50,000 to buy two or more

Page 2, the unfinished steamer "Fern" in shallow water at Townsend in 1867. In the bow of the skiff are Asa and Ben L. Davison, sons of the builder, Engineer Nat Drummond is in the stern.

steamboats. Attracted by the possibility of a lucrative traffic, a rival company appeared briefly, the Upper Missouri River Navigation Company. In October 1878 the firms merged as the Montana Navigation Company, with Cornelius Hedges a leading official. The Helena paper jubilated:

There is no longer a particle of doubt that steam navigation above the Great Falls of the Missouri will be in complete operation during the year 1879, and continue during the season of navigation every year thereafter.³

Some of the optimism sprang from a government report of a reconnaissance made in 1872 by Thomas P. Roberts in connection with Northern Pacific surveys. Roberts thoroughly examined the Missouri from Townsend to Fort Benton. He compared the river above the falls favorably with the Ohio as to volume, and as to the cost of works needed to guarantee navigation. He estimated the cost of dams on this section of the Missouri as not more than three hundred fifty dollars (\$350) each,

... as in most places the stone and brush required, as the case may be, can be found immediately at hand, requiring no steam tugs or expensive machinery to transport it. The beavers at present inhabiting the waters of the Missouri have shown conclusively how easy it is to dam up its island chutes, as they have done in several instances. It would be extravagant to make elaborate surveys to decide the location of these dams, as an experienced man can see over the whole river, from any point, in a skiff, and judge the depths by eyesight alone in most instances. If once boats are running on the river, the people, few as there are now, that live along its banks, and the boatmen, would soon find means to make the few improvements required, while nothing need be done for steamers not drawing over twenty inches, as far as Helena.⁴

By mid-December the company's stock was all sold, and a Captain Parkinson of the U. S. Engineers was busy with two flatboats making "improvements" in the river. These consisted of

³ Wheeler was U. S. Marshal for Montana Territory, 1869-1878, and was Librarian of the Historical Society of Montana 1885-1894.

⁴ *Helena Weekly Herald*, Sept. 26, 1878. There was no town at the falls until the 'eighties.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Oct. 3, 1878.

⁶ Quoted in letter from Wheeler, *Great Falls Tribune*, July 3, 1886. For a detailed and interesting account see: *Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana*, Vol. I, 1876, *The Upper Missouri River: From a Reconnaissance Made in 1872*, by Thomas P. Roberts, pages 234-267.

Dr. Stanley R. Davison, whose fine article on early efforts to navigate the Missouri River above the "great falls" is published here, is an assistant professor of social sciences at Western Montana College of Education at Dillon.

Dr. Davison writes here, not only as an able historian tracing the interesting riverboat era, but as the grandson of Dr. Asa L. Davison who played such a large part in that era. The author was born at East Helena in 1911, the son of F. Fern and Margaret Gough Davison. His father was an 18-months-old infant when the events of this article occurred, and it was for him that the riverboat "Fern" was named.

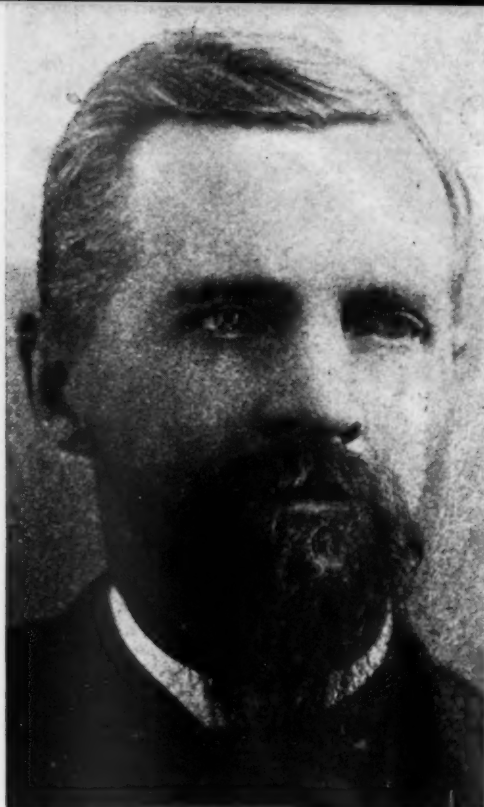
A graduate of Helena High School, Dr. Stanley Davison received B. A. and M. A. degrees in history and political science from Montana State University, and in 1951 took his Ph.D. in Western History from the University of California at Berkeley.

The author taught at Montana State from 1934 to 1939 and again in 1946 and 1947. He was on the faculty of San Francisco State College in 1950 and 1951, and worked through an University of California extension in Japan and Korea from 1952 through 1954. Dr. Davison taught at Hamilton, Mont. High School for two years prior to joining Western Montana's faculty in 1957.

Dr. Davison had a distinguished war record, enlisting as a sailor in February, 1942. He served aboard a destroyer in the Solomon Islands campaigns, receiving four battle stars. He was commissioned from the fleet as a Lieutenant (j.g.) in 1944, and served aboard a cruiser in the Aleutians until the end of the war, when he was discharged as a full lieutenant.

beaver-style wing dams to divert water into shallow parts of the main channel, and the removal of some boulders. This progress led the Helena paper to comment that if boats could reach Stubbs' in 1879 they could be arriving at Galatin City⁵ by 1880, insuring great prosperity for the whole area. The navigation company continued to show signs of life in January 1879 when they named a committee to buy a steamboat, to be built at Pittsburgh and shipped out by rail for service above the falls. Their optimism extended to the Northern Pacific, still hundreds of miles away in Dakota. They also authorized the purchase of another, unidentified steamer which had already been built especially to operate between the falls and Fort Benton.

But none of this came to pass, and the 'seventies went by with no steamboat above the falls. People who had been quick to subscribe for stock in navigation companies were slow to pay for it; although the Helena firm had \$75,000 pledged to it in one day, less



Dr. Asa Lee Davison, who became so smitten with the idea of navigating the Missouri above the Great Falls that he virtually abandoned his medical practice in Jefferson County to pursue his dream. His grandson, Dr. Stanley R. Davison, here relates the interesting details. The pioneer physician, born in 1841, died at Weiser, Idaho in 1897.

than \$1,500 ever materialized. The men with money probably suspected that the channel above the falls was not in condition for reliable use by steamboats, particularly in the vicinity of the Half-breed Rapids. Sentiment for substantial help from the government is evidenced in editorials such as this from the *Herald* of October 2, 1879:

The navigation company is in earnest about the improvement of the river, and have the means to put a boat on for business purposes whenever they wish to do so and the river is properly improved. There is some talk of building a small steamboat this winter for the use of excursion parties next summer . . . and successful navigation of the river would be the most powerful argument that Congress could have to continue the necessary appropriations from year to year until no more improvements would be required.

The paper was also urging that the operation of boats on the Missouri near Helena would influence the Northern Pacific to come through when building out to the coast. The railroad did finally come in 1883, literally bringing the steamboat, instead of the other way

around. The boat, destined to be the first steamer above the falls, was Governor J. Schuyler Crosby's *Little Phil*. This tiny craft, only 32 feet long, with a beam of seven feet and a draft of ten inches, was launched at Townsend on September 17.⁶ The recent arrival of the railroad, and the knowledge that the boat was intended only as a private yacht for the Governor's hunting parties, prevented any excitement about commercial transportation on the river. The *Little Phil*, named for General Sheridan under whom Crosby had served in the Civil War, steamed to Stubbs' Ferry on her maiden and only voyage; despite her shallow draft, she stranded several times on this short run. At Stubbs' she remained, where she will be noted later in this account.

Dr. Asa Lee Davison, a pioneer physician of the upper Jefferson country, was living in Dillon when his plans for building a steamboat began to take shape. Late in 1884 he moved to Twin Bridges with his family consisting of his wife, two young children, and two grown sons by a former marriage, Ellsworth and Ben. He and the two older boys built a house there; the doctor acquired a reputation for odd ideas as he put sawdust in the spaces between the walls, on the theory that such insulation would keep out summer heat and winter chill.

Downstream a few hundred yards was a spot for the type of boatyard he had in mind.⁷ While the river was still frozen he drew plans, and the 21-year-old Ellsworth, who was gifted at carving, whittled out a scale model of the boat they were to build. About this time the first news of the project leaked out, and a reporter from the Virginia City *Madisonian* went down to have a look. He fondled and admired the sleek little model, but was even more impressed by the stacks of cedar lumber along the riverbank, nine thousand board feet of it from the sawmills of Foster at Waterloo and Baker at Sheridan. The reporter got some specifications of the vessel, "a double-deck stern-

wheeler, eighteen by seventy-two feet . . . with a freight cabin sixteen by forty-eight feet and a passenger cabin eleven by twenty-four. It will be twenty-one feet from water to top of pilot house. The engine is thirty horsepower and will be applied by means of a chain belt and ratchet pulleys."⁸ Apparently the intended destination of the boat was kept secret, as the reporter surmised that "the sleepy old Jefferson" would be its home as it would ply between Twin Bridges and Gallatin City.

As soon as the ice was out in the Beaverhead the doctor gave up most of his practice and with the two boys began work on the boat. They built her right in the river; so slight was her draft that they could wade around her in the shallow that served as her construction basin. Their progress was slow, but this did nothing to hold down the rosy optimism so characteristic of the time, which now took hold of the steamboat project, especially in the press. The *Madisonian* reporter, writing in mid-April after seeing nothing more than a scale model and a lumber pile, promised himself and staff an excursion on the Fourth of July, saying "your correspondent has already chosen seats for the entire force." But although the builders worked all summer long, when autumn came they had only a hull, and in that stage she froze into the Beaverhead late in 1885.

In the latter part of that winter word got out that perhaps the craft was planned for nobler waters than the meager currents of the Jefferson. In February of 1886 the Bedford City⁹ postmaster, a man with the unlikely name of Isom Preuitt, told the newspaper at Townsend that he had a letter from "parties in Twin Bridges" inquiring about the clearance under the Northern Pacific bridge across the Missouri between Townsend and Bedford.

When this became known, it explained a minor mystery in Twin Bridges. All summer onlookers had wondered why the doctor hadn't built any sign of a superstructure, not even a deck-house or shanty of any kind. They saw now that he had been waiting to learn how high she could be and still slide under this obstruction at Townsend. Superstructure, stacks, engines and all would have to wait until she was on the downstream side of the trestle. Anyway, that would be the logical place to install the heavy machinery that would have to come by freight. Now that the story was out, Dr. Davison announced that he would float her down as soon as the ice was clear.

In March the Great Falls *Tribune* announced that there would be service between the Falls and Helena-Townsend



Asa Ellsworth Davison, oldest son of Dr. Asa L. Davison, who carved the model from which the "Fern" was built. He also helped build and navigate the sturdy sternwheeler which eventually was equipped with two 25 horsepower engines.

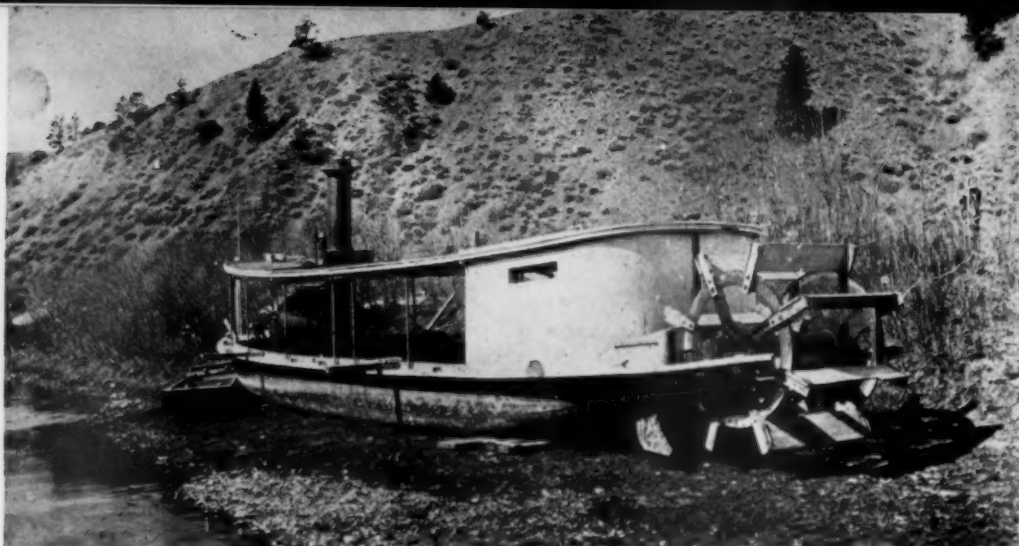
⁸ Gallatin City was near present Three Forks.

⁹ *Helena Weekly Herald*, Sept. 20, 1883.

⁷ The site was pointed out in 1955 by two old-timers in Twin Bridges who remembered the episode, Mr. Walter Pitcher and Mr. Albert Swannstrom. The city's water tower now marks the spot.

⁸ *Madisonian*, Apr. 10, 1885.

⁹ Bedford was on the N.P. across the river from Townsend.



The 54-foot steamboat "Rose of Helena," owned by Judge Nicholas Hilger, is shown here. Judge Hilger paid \$4,800 for this all-metal steamer which came from Iowa via Northern Pacific Railway. The story of its rivalry with Davison's "Fern" is told in this article.

furnished by two boats, one staying below the Half-breed Rapids and the other above. Soon after, the paper reported that Judge Nicholas Hilger had ordered a steel steamboat from a firm in Dubuque and that it was nearly ready for rail shipment to Montana. In early May the Townsend *Tranchant* announced that the Beaverhead boat was ready to start her floating trip to the finishing berth at Townsend, saying that Commodore Wheeler had visited the Davisons' boat and had praised the sturdy cedar craft.

The Townsend editor, Van H. Fisk, was enthusiastic about the boat, a policy he was to follow till the end. He wrote lovingly of the steamer and her prospects, revelled in nautical terms and salty expressions, referred to "Townsend's waterfront," and spared nothing to boost for the project. Not only did he predict success for the joint operation with Hilger's boat—he even printed a schedule of sailings, right down to the day and hour. He wrote:

... the smaller one making three roundtrips weekly from Townsend to Half-breed Island, there to make connections with the larger boat as regularly plying from there to Great Falls. Parties thus can leave Helena on the morning train for Townsend, take the steamer at 10 a.m. and arrive at Half-breed Island the same evening, when the transfer will be made and everybody in most comfortable quarters from first to last. . . . The round trip from Helena may thus be made to the Falls in four days, and to Half-breed Island and return in

two days, as the boat is expected to make return connections here with the west-bound passenger train. Most excursionists however will take from one to two weeks in making the trip, in order to take in all the sights and pleasures en route. Get ready, everybody, as the steamboats will soon be here.¹⁰

Confident that the boat had left Twin Bridges, and accurately estimating her progress, Fisk rode the morning train to Toston one Sunday in mid-May to await the floating hull. Sure enough, shortly after noon, "adown the placid waters of the Missouri came floating the *Fern*, with the familiar countenance of our old-time friend, Dr. A. L. Davison at the helm."¹¹ In his grandiose style he reported that he "concluded to come home by steamer instead of by railway." The journalist utilized the 3½ hour trip to look over the boat and to discuss with her owner his plans for her completion and use. He learned that she had been named the *Fern* in honor of the doctor's twenty-one-months-old son. The crew consisted of the owner, sons Ellsworth and Ben, and a nephew. They were controlling her by oars, fore and aft; the Jefferson and Missouri, running high, had given no trouble in navigation. Now the bank-full river was taking them at about six miles per hour to Townsend, where they moored just above the bridge.

¹⁰ Townsend *Tranchant*, May 5, 1886.

¹¹ The doctor had practiced in the Diamond City area, and probably Fisk knew him there.

The next morning there was a crowd around to watch them let her down under the trestle. There was some disappointment at her flat, uncompleted look, but the doctor passed around Ellsworth's model for all to examine, and it was agreed that when completed she would "be a daisy."

But the proprietor had to acknowledge another shortage, besides the obvious lack of superstructure and engines—he had not the funds to procure them. He had put his every cent into the boat as she now stood, and someone else would have to help with the rest. There was a chance of raising some money in Townsend, but a better prospect was the booming new town of Great Falls, and perhaps Helena. He decided to make a boat trip to the Falls, for the joint purposes of scouting the channel and passing the hat among the merchants of the city scheduled as the lower terminus of the steamboat service. He hesitated to leave the boat in charge of the youngsters, but just then his staff was reinforced by the arrival from Twin Bridges of his sister's husband, David A. Rightenour. So the Captain, as Fisk insisted on calling him, scheduled a boat trip down the river.

Just then interest was momentarily diverted to a rival vessel as Judge Nicholas Hilger's *Rose of Helena* arrived from Iowa on the Northern Pacific. The judge had paid \$4,800 for his all-metal steamer, a size larger than the *Little Phil* with a length of 54 feet, a beam of 10, and a draft of 16 inches.¹² The *Rose* was quickly unloaded, assembled and launched for a trial run, with Fisk as one of the passengers. He reported that she ran well even against the Missouri's flood current. But Townsend never did warm up to the *Rose* which would have smelled better without "of Helena" as part of her name. In the same edition reporting this run, Fisk had more to say about the *Fern*, "rapidly assuming the proportions of a first-class boat, and when completed will take



This rare picture of Judge Nicholas Hilger in animated conversation with Mrs. H. S. Hepner is on file in the Historical Society of Montana Library. Mrs. Hepner, beloved pioneer resident who has served on the Board of Trustees of the Historical Society longer than any other person, recalls the occasion vividly. She was with a picnic party which had gone to the Gates of the Mountains aboard Judge Hilger's steamer "Rose of Helena." Mrs. Hepner believes this picture at the Gates of the Mountains was taken 69 or 70 years ago.

the cake for comfort, from pleasure- and sight-seekers. Look out for a 4th of July excursion." This last was a little optimistic, for a scow which didn't yet even have her engines in order.

The *Rose* didn't linger, leaving on May 27 for Hilger's home port at the Gates of the Mountains, where he scheduled for June 2 an inaugural run with a distinguished list of dignitaries as guests, including Governor Samuel Hauser, Territorial Delegate Joseph K. Toole, and Wilbur Fisk Sanders.

Five hours after the *Rose* left Townsend, the *Fern's* yawl or lifeboat set sail down the stream. Along with her owner were Commodore Wheeler, Wilson Carpenter, and Louis L. Munson.¹³ Supplied with bedding and grub for several overnight camps along the way, they set forth little expecting to see the *Rose* anywhere short of Hilger's Landing. To their surprise, they came upon her only eight miles below Townsend, stuck sideways on a sandbar where the river split into two channels around an island. The impact had crushed her lifeboat, leaving the passengers stranded in mid-river. The newcomers spent over

¹² Great Falls Tribune, May 14, 1887.

¹³ Carpenter was a nephew of former Governor B. Platt Carpenter. Munson was a cousin of Cornelius Hedges.



This picture of a July 4 picnic party aboard Judge Nicholas Hilger's "Rose of Helena" was taken at the Gates of the Mountains in 1886. Judge Hilger was a friendly rival of Dr. Davison and his "Fern" in navigating the Missouri.

three hours rigging a windlass and warping the *Rose* into the side channel, where her own power could take her out into the stream. The grateful crew invited the others to join them on board, with the yawl lashed alongside. The next episode is best told in the words of Wheeler:

We proceeded swiftly until the rope of Pickering's Ferry was seen hanging too low over the water for us to pass under. So she was landed, and with our little yawl, our party rowed down a half mile to the ferry house, and informed the ferryman that it would be necessary to lower his rope into the water in order to let the *Rose* pass under it. He demurred somewhat and said he could not do it alone. We all offered to assist him. To this he consented. In half an hour or so we had lowered the iron rope down into the water, out of sight in the middle for two or three hundred feet, so that we signalled Judge Hilger to come on. In a few minutes he passed over the wire safely and steamed right on, leaving us to work our way, and was soon out of sight.¹⁴

In his version of this incident, Dr. Davison wrote "so we paddled our own canoe from there on," but only literally,

since they did stop at least once more to raise a ferry cable to accommodate the *Rose*. The first night out of Townsend, after the events just related, both parties tied up at Edmundson's Ferry. Next morning the smaller group started at five-thirty and soon found themselves in the first of many canyons which line the Missouri for the next sixty-five miles. This one, called by them the "Black Rock Canyon," is now submerged along with the old Canyon Ferry dam and powerhouse. Just below was Court Sheriff's ferry, serving the road between Helena and the Magpie Gulch sector of the Belt Mountains. The voyagers spent an hour helping Mr. Sheriff raise his cable to be clear of the *Rose* when she would come along.

Before long they reached Stubbs' Ferry, near present Lakeside resort, and went ashore to view the bleaching hull of the *Little Phil*. Wheeler told them how he had directed her launching and navigated her to this point, where she

¹⁴ Great Falls Tribune, June 5, 1886.

had been taken up on the bank to prevent destruction by ice. He explained that her engine had proved too small for the strong currents of the Missouri.

At Stubbs' they met another boating party just starting out, consisting of two Great Falls bankers returning from Helena, H. O. Chowen and A. E. Dickerman, and a lawyer, W. F. Parker of White Sulphur Springs. The two boats kept company for the rest of the day as they floated through the spectacular canyons now flooded by Hauser Lake, and into the more open country just above the Gates of the Mountains. The captain's account mentions that Hilger's ranch was located here, but did not mention the *Rose*, so it is probable that she had not overtaken them. They made sixty-three miles that day, going through White Rock Canyon, as they called the section below the Gates, and tied up at the mouth of the Little Prickly Pear.

Here they encountered something which might have given pause to any reconnoitering party interested in commercial steamboats — the survey and grading crews laying out a route for a railroad to run along the west bank of the Missouri from the Falls to Helena and a junction with the Northern Pacific. The voyagers noted the blasting that was echoing around the cliffs, and they commented on the number of men and horses engaged in the work. At the Dearborn, early on the third day's run, Wheeler went ashore to visit briefly with his two sons who were on the railroad gang. There was no word of concern about the rival transportation system, possibly because railroads had been the subject of so many false alarms. There was none into Great Falls, and little indication that the Manitoba line, far away in Dakota, would build in within the next year. So the steamboat promoters did not worry about the Montana Central, or the prospects of lacking river-borne freight between the Northern Pacific at Townsend and the Falls.

Below the Dearborn they entered the Great Atlantic Canyon for a final seven-mile run before leaving the mountains at Lone Pine or Half-breed Rapids. Davison noted that it was given the latter name "in honor of a white man who humbled himself and married a squaw, which resulted in a family of half-breed children." He described the rapids as 1,500 feet in length and tells how they were passed in four minutes by steady rowing to keep ahead of the current. They rested awhile at the town of Gorham, across the river from Dodge City, which was soon to change its name to Cascade. In the cool of the evening they resumed their trip and camped that night within forty-five river miles of the Falls. Both diarists made note of the "Long Pool" of the Missouri, the quiet water backed up by the rock structure which creates the series of falls. They commented that below Gorham there was little current in the broad loops of the meandering stream. In this slow water it took them all day to reach the city, where Wheeler records their arrival:

We had to row the whole distance, yet we reached the mouth of Sun River at seven o'clock, and after crossing the beautiful sheet of water which I here christen "Broadwater Bay" in honor of the man who is ably pushing forward the railroad enterprise to this place from Helena, we ended our voyage here . . . at Wheeler's Landing, having voyaged a distance of 165 miles from Townsend. The people of Great Falls greeted us cordially, especially as Dr. Davison came in the interest of opening the river to steamboat navigation from Townsend to this place. The boat is completed except the machinery, to the purpose of which they have subscribed liberally.¹⁵

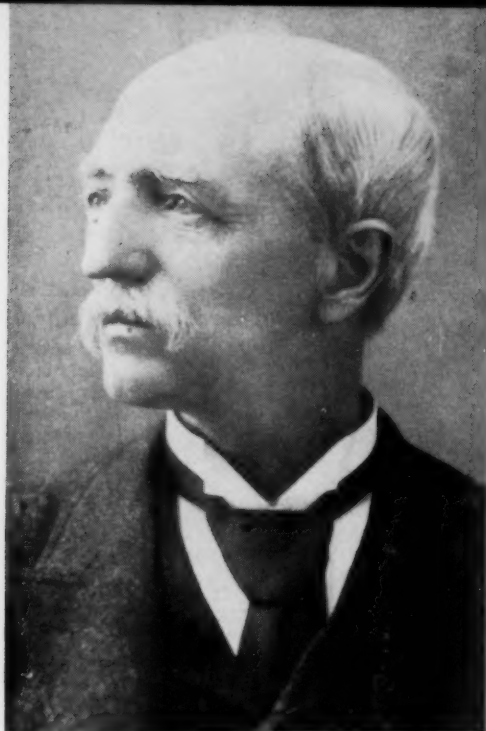
The captain also reported success in the fund-raising effort. He made this report of his one-day visit to the city:

June 1st. Made the acquaintance of many of the businessmen of Great Falls, all of whom are very courteous and know just how to entertain strangers. Here we met Paris Gibson the founder of Great Falls; Mr. Hanks, editor of the *Tribune*; Mr. Chowen, the banker, and other businessmen who subscribed toward the purchase of machinery for the Fern.¹⁶

The next day the doctor loaded his yawl and himself onto a freight wagon bound for Helena, a two-day trip. In

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ Townsend *Tranchant*, June 9, 1886.



William F. Wheeler, U. S. Marshal for Montana Territory from 1869-78 and librarian of the Historical Society of Montana from 1885-94, figured in early plans to navigate the Upper Missouri river.

the capital he made some contacts to raise money, but with less success than in the Falls. On June 6 he was back in Townsend, where he found Rightenour and the boys through with the carpenter work and waiting for the machinery. The local paper opened a drive for funds with frequent plugs:

Dr. A. L. Davison, builder and owner of the steamer *Fern* now at the Townsend Landing, now proposes to receive subscriptions (to the amount of \$500) to aid in placing machinery in said boat. Those aiding in this matter are to be owners in the *Fern* to the amount of their subscriptions, or will be repaid out of the first earnings of the boat, with interest at 1%. All wishing to aid in this enterprise can do so by calling at this office.

Apparently there was no resulting stampede to buy into the venture, as the editor said a week later in an item headed "Help Along the Steamer *Fern*":

The proposition of Dr. Davison for the people of Townsend and vicinity to aid in placing machinery in the steamer *Fern* by taking \$500 stock in the same has not as yet met with any practical response. Perhaps our people under-estimate the value to Townsend and the valley of having a steamer plying between here and Great Falls, a town destined to become a great mining, milling and manufacturing center. . . . When completed it will unquestionably be the favorite excursion boat on the upper Missouri river,

and in our opinion many benefits will accrue to Townsend whenever the boat is completed. What is asked of our people is not very much, and might easily be raised by taking 20 shares at \$25 each. Take hold of this matter at once, gentlemen, and let us have a July excursion.

Perhaps Editor Fisk believed that both money and steamboat engines were readily available in Townsend. The *Tribune* likewise showed rosy expectations: "Great Falls will give a grand ovation to the new steamer when she makes her first trip from Townsend. Let's get up an excursion by moonlight on the Missouri."

Early in July Wheeler contributed a long letter to the *Tribune*, titled "The Upper Missouri Steamboat Navigation an Assured Fact. Why the Upper Missouri Should be Improved." He may have sensed the impending completion of the Montana Central was holding back support for the *Fern*, as he pointed out that the railroad would not traverse such scenery as would the boat, nor give as convenient service to many of the farms and localities bordering the river. But throughout the summer little money came in, subscribers failed to send in their cash, and the *Fern* waited.

Meanwhile, the *Rose* was finding rough sailing too. She had been taking sightseers into the Gates of the Mountains, but late in July she tied up at Hilger's as the Missouri fell lower than anyone could remember seeing at that season. In September she made some excursion runs to Picnic (Meriwether) Canyon, but her captain had to remove some boulders to make even this possible.

Dr. Davison returned to the upper Jefferson country for the winter to resume his practice and build up his funds. In February he wrote to Fisk that a Mr. E. J. Burridge of Dawson, Minnesota, had taken a partnership in the boat and would furnish equipment consisting of two 15-horsepower engines, two smokestacks, a steam capstan, a "nigger engine," and a 4-inch steel shaft for the paddle wheel. Cheerfully the doctor wrote:

Tell the people to get ready for a trip on the first steamboat ever built in Montana. . . . She will have two engineers and other officers, and by the use of a powerful headlight will make through trips to accommodate those who are in a hurry to get through. Those having freight to ship to Great Falls will do well to hold it for us at Townsend."

In mid-March a quick thaw sent tons of ice-cakes floating among the ferries and lesser craft along the river. Like all other ferrymen, Henry Raymond rigged hawsers to hold his Bedford-Townsend boat, but he knew there was no one to do anything for the *Fern*. Before the ice-gorges could drag her out into the stream where her destruction would have been certain, Raymond managed single-handedly to get a line around her. But that did not prevent the next shift in the ice from picking her up and setting her high on the bank. There she was when the ice left, unhurt and right-side-up, but clear out of the river. Born in the water, the *Fern* had not been launched before, but she would have to be launched now. Her owner soon arrived to supervise this work and the final caulking, painting and rigging after the winter's ravages. On May 4 he got a telegram saying that the machinery had been shipped, but this turned out to be only a few items. Before Mr. Burrige could send the rest, his creditors in Minnesota stepped in and took him out of the steamboat business in Montana.

Determined to get his vessel operating, Davison ordered the equipment piecemeal, paying cash where he must, buying on terms where he could, and borrowing extensively on the boat's prospects and his personal credit. The announcement of the *Fern's* progress seems to have stimulated activity in another quarter. Judge Hilger had been watching developments, wanting his *Rose* to be the first steamer to reach Great Falls, but fearful that the Rapids would be a trip through which she could never get back. Feeling between the two owners had not been improved by a new incident. Nat Drummond, Hilger's engineer, had left him and signed on with the larger and more impressive



This picture of F. Fern Davison, for whom his father named the steamboat "*Fern*" was taken when he was 18 months old. Born in 1884, F. Fern Davison was the father of the author of this article. He died at East Helena in 1945.

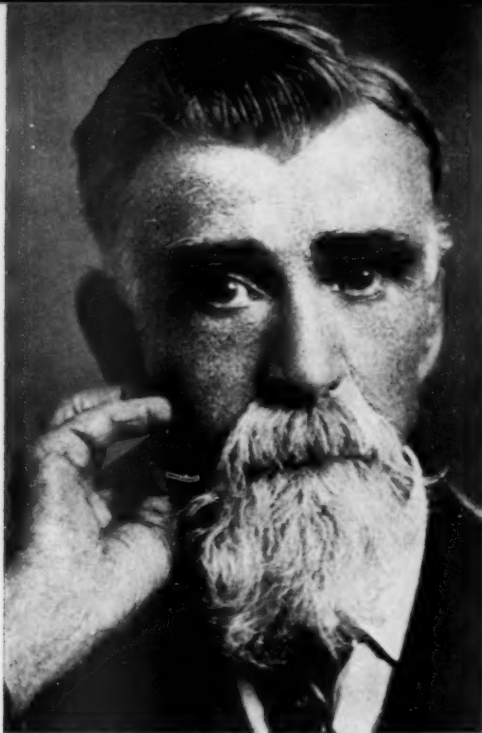
Fern. Hilger decided to take the *Rose* to Great Falls, come what may.

Her downstream trip apparently was uneventful. Hilger went as far as the head of the Rapids on May 10, successfully shot the fast water the next day, and steamed on to Great Falls on the 12th. Among the welcoming party were Paris Gibson and Bishop J. B. Brondel. Hilger announced plans to maintain service between Great Falls and the Gates, where a stage would connect with Helena, and also spoke of integrating schedules with the *Fern* to serve the area as far up as Three Forks.¹⁸ This would be a reversal of the first plans, when it was thought that neither boat would be scheduled through the Rapids and that the *Rose* would take the up-river section.

Apprehensive about the return trip, which would really tell the tale, the Judge did not linger in Great Falls, but started back up the Pool in a couple of days. At the foot of the Rapids he stopped to make everything ready and

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, Feb. 16, 1887.

¹⁹ Martha Edgerton Flassman, "Great Falls-Helena Steamboat Service Attempted in 1887," *Great Falls Tribune*, July 7, 1929.



David A. Rightenour, brother-in-law of Dr. Asa L. Davison, was a leading participant in building the steamboat "Fern." This picture was taken in about 1925. Rightenour, whose wife was Seraphina Davison, died at Hamilton in 1932 at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Maggie Hope.

took on a full load of wood, knowing that the *Rose* would burn a lot of fuel in fighting her way up through the fast water. Nosing into the first rapid, they tried to pick up a cable which had been extended along the bottom for a towline, but it was snarled in the rocks and out of reach. The *Rose* mustered enough power to make that stretch on her own steam. On the next, the middle patch, she needed help from six crew-men hauling on a line made fast ashore. For the final chute a line was again made ready, but the *Rose* struggled up by herself, safely past the rocks but only after forty-eight minutes of exertion and suspense. Hilger declared that it was too dangerous to be attempted again, at least until extensive improvements were made in the channel.¹⁹ The *Fern* was welcome to the lower end of the course, and again Hilger expressed willingness to arrange for a transfer point at the Rapids to provide service between Great Falls and Helena, via Hilger's Landing. Hearing of this plan which would leave Townsend high and dry, the editor

there tartly reminded his readers that Townsend, rather than Hilger's, was the proper head of navigation on the Missouri. Townsendians also took comfort from the thought the *Fern* was bigger than the *Rose* and "built on different principles," implying that she could cruise the full length of the high Missouri by herself, and "on scheduled time," too.

With the *Rose* safely back at the Gates, her owner decided to conduct a trial run with passengers over the section where he had chosen to operate. The passengers were Colonel Charles A. Broadwater and his party. They left Helena by stage, dashed from it onto the waiting *Rose*, made a full-power run (at 12 miles per hour) to the top of Half-breed Rapids, then transferred to another stage for the final gallop into Great Falls. Without stating the exact time, the *Tribune* described this trip as the fastest ever made by anyone coming from Helena.

Periodically through June and July it was announced that the *Fern* was completed and ready to sail. Delays in acquiring the machinery, then in getting it installed and functioning, drove her owner to despair, and by mid-summer he was about ready to admit defeat before his boat ever turned its wheel or even tooted its whistle. He had brought his wife and young family to Townsend in expectation of a triumphal ride down to Great Falls, but he could see now that it would take luck for there to be any ride at all, and that it could not be a triumphal one. Whatever the editors might write, he knew that if the nimble and sturdy little *Rose of Helena* could barely manage the Rapids, there would be trouble all the way for the bigger and clumsier *Fern*. The boat had been slightly "beefed up" from the original specifications, measuring 75 feet long, with an 18 inch draft, and carrying two 25-horsepower engines.²⁰ In August the *Tribune* was still assuring people that the *Fern* was coming and would be especially welcome inasmuch as the *Rose* had abandoned Great Falls — "she is

much larger than the *Rose of Helena*, which seemed to consider that one trip over the Half-breed Rapids conferred glory enough." On September 10 the paper carried the doctor's ad for a competent engineer. Then, on the 21st, came the authentic announcement that the *Fern* had up steam, and was ready to go.

On September 28, 1887, the *S.S. Fern* cast off from her Townsend moorings. There was no ceremony, and no list of illustrious guests. In the crew were Nat Drummond, Fred Thurston, Robert McDougal and the two older Davison boys. On the passenger list were Editor Fisk, gamely staying with the ship, Frank Peters of Townsend, and the doctor's wife and their three young children, five-year-old Laura, Fern two years younger, and infant daughter Ivy.²¹ Son Fern's earliest recollection was of McDougal lifting him up to pull the whistle cord and sound the boat's farewell to Townsend.

Although the Missouri was perilously low, all went well for the first few miles, and Great Falls seemed to lie just a day or so ahead. Then came disaster. The same ice-gorge that had played one winter prank had also prepared another, by lifting a huge chunk of slag from the fill around the railroad bridge and dropping it in the channel several miles below. The *Fern* struck it hard, ripped a hole in her side, and sank in four feet of water. The doctor got his wife and family safely ashore, then all the men set out to repair and refloat the steamer. Luckily, Peters had been a sailor and knew how to patch the hull. By the time they were underway again they were already over-due at Great Falls, and wild reports began to circulate. A press dispatch, strangely dated from Fort Shaw, said on October 5 that the *Fern* had sunk at Gorham and would be hauled to Great Falls overland. Actually, she was still weeks away from

Gorham, with many a grounding and near calamity to be met, but at least she was still afloat and not yet a candidate for a set of wagon wheels.

The truth about this first wreck was revealed a few days later when Fisk and Peters, tiring of the slow progress, left the expedition and went back home by stage. They reported that the boat was repeatedly going aground on the sandbars and against the bank, as the channel had changed drastically since they charted it the year before. Fisk added that the steamer had enough power, but lacked proper tackle for hauling herself off rocks and bars.

The doctor's wife kept a log of the voyage, a heart-breaking series of entries, with strandings soon becoming too commonplace to describe or enumerate. Sometimes the channel changed even during the night, leaving the *Fern* on a mudflat in the morning where she had been comfortably afloat at nightfall. In places where cordwood had been piled for easy loading, the river had moved over and washed it away, or meandered to the other side and left the wood standing beyond reach. One pair of woodcutters left no fuel and only a note saying they had fled on hearing that Indians were coming.

On October 13 the *Fern* drifted into Canyon Ferry with a smashed paddlewheel. It took two days to fix that, with Court Sheriff helping on the repairs. When Mr. Sheriff remarked that he would have to rig a device to lift his ferry cable whenever the steamer came by, the doctor told him not to worry, as there would be no more steamboats at Canyon Ferry. He knew that the only hope for the *Fern* lay in getting her safely into the Long Pool, where she might operate in relatively deep and quiet water, and in a reliable channel. So he started on, down past Stubbs' and into the limestone canyons below Trout Creek. In the rocky stretch around present Hauser Dam the *Fern* took another terrible mauling, repeated several times in the fast water around Holter and Craig. Mrs. Davison had given up

²¹ *Ibid.*, May 21, 1887.

²² F. Fern Davison, "Story of the Steamer Fern," *Helena Daily Independent*, Sept. 9, 1923.

²³ The only surviving member of this expedition is Laura Davison, now Mrs. Robert Larkin of Portland, Oregon. Ivy, who married Dr. Carl B. Taylor of Dillon, died in Missoula in 1950, and Fern in East Helena in 1945.



This is the old ferry crossing the Missouri, taken in about 1870. Site for the old Canyon Ferry Dam is in the background. The area is covered by 150 feet of water since completion of the new dam in 1949. The hill in the left background now forms "Cemetery Island" containing many old graves which may be seen from the present lake.

the log by now, and many of the details cannot be known. The writer's father recalled hearing his half-brothers tell of one place where the boat was beached to make ready for an especially dangerous passage, probably the notorious Rapids. With all the fuel she could cram on, the engineer built up a sizzling head of steam; then the pilot swung the boat into the current and while heading up stream, let the vessel slowly down through the rapids, stern-foremost. Near to catastrophe throughout this maneuver, the *Fern* was rocking crazily when she spun clear of the lowest chute, and her sides showed severe new gouges, but she was safe in the waters of the Long Pool. They were thirty-nine days out of Townsend, where Editor Fisk had scheduled this for a round trip to be made three times a week.

Now the crew and passengers could take time to straighten things up, in anticipation of a public appearance. All hands put on their best clothes, the clutter of tackle on deck was put out of sight, and a bright new American flag, saved for the occasion, was run up on the staff as they swung into Dodge City for the first of the long promised welcomes. And the town did turn out:

Behold the *Fern*! Did you see her? In the quiet recesses of last Sunday afternoon, when an austere (sic) breeze was gently stirring the autumn leaves, when peace and quiet reigned supreme, our town was disturbed by the sound of a steamboat whistle. In a few minutes the Dodge harbor was decked with men and women peering at the approaching steamer. Gallantly she plied the unrippled waters, her banner of Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze; as she moored to the landing we beheld the *Fern*.²²

The next day, at 2:20 in the afternoon of November 7, she arrived in Great Falls and tied up at the Holter

Dock.²³ The city did not forget the welcome promised so many months before, but it was not to celebrate the opening of steamboat service between the Falls and Townsend. Rather, it was to salute a gallant but defeated captain who had brought his boat through in a useless display of dogged fortitude. Asa Lee Davison realized a little of his dream, as he received the congratulatory handshakes of Paris Gibson and other welcoming officials, standing there on the deck of his own steamer. But that very deck was symbolic of the whole venture: new and polished when it left Townsend, now splintered and buckled, showing plainly the beating the river had handed out. The *Tribune's* story of the *Fern's* arrival suggested that she might do well as an excursion boat or in hauling local freight, but did not mention upriver service. That same edition of the paper reported that the Montana Central between Great Falls and Helena, with its Northern Pacific connection, would be completed that week. And the steam engine on rails would not take six weeks to come from Townsend.

The newspaper took occasion to crow mildly that Great Falls' season of navigation was longer than Fort Benton's, which had closed a week earlier. The journal conceded that there had been only two arrivals at Great Falls during the year, but again took credit for a win over Fort Benton by claiming a 200% increase in river traffic, on the basis of a jump from no boats to two boats. There was also a final jab at

²² Sun River *Rising Sun*, Nov. 9, 1887.

²³ Great Falls *Tribune*, Nov. 9, 1887.

²⁴ U.S. Army Engineers *Report*, 1892.

Hilger for having abandoned their town, by referring to the *Fern* as a "real steamboat."

Predictions about the *Fern's* future had to wait another season, for within a few days the temperature dropped to 18 below and Broadwater Bay froze solid for the winter. Dr. Davison sold the *Fern* to a group of Great Falls business men organized under the old name of the Upper Missouri River Navigation Company, and went back to his medical practice at Dillon. The sale of the boat did little to recoup all that had gone into her, and the venture cost her owner and his backers all that they had invested. During the summer of 1888 the company kept the *Fern* in operation on the safe and easy waters of the Pool, mostly between the city and the mouth of Smith River, with an occasional run to Gorham or Cascade for a load of wool, hay or firewood. Also they made a few Sunday and evening passenger excursions within a few miles of town.

In 1889 the boat was leased to George W. Arthur, who took her on numerous outings and did some freight hauling during the next few years. In 1891 she hauled 4,500 cords of wood, 79 tons of wool, 250 tons of baled hay, and five tons of vegetables, plus some 500 passengers on pleasure runs.²⁴ Her limited success led to a little flurry of interest in steamboats on Broadway Bay during these years, as the *Minnie*, the *Frances*, the *Swan* and the *J. J. Hill* all took to the water. No record of the *Fern* can be found after 1892. Family legend says she broke loose from her moorings and crashed to a spectacular end over the falls, but it is more likely that she was simply beached and allowed to crumble away as the *Little Phil* was doing, and the *Rose* was to do.

There is little left of the old Missouri now. Power dams create lakes throughout most of the course between Townsend and the Rapids. Speed boats and fishermen's craft safely cruise where the *Rose* and the *Fern* had their bouts



The idea of a steamboat navigation above the falls of the Missouri River was being considered as early as 1867 by no less a person than General Thomas Francis Meagher, whose mysterious death aboard the steamer "G. A. Thompson" occurred at Fort Benton. No trace has ever been found of the body of the colorful Irish hero who became Montana's controversial Acting Territorial Governor.

Meagher's interest in the possibility of steamboat navigation of the river is evidenced by an item in the *Helena Weekly Herald*, dated April 30, 1868. It appeared under a heading "Navigation of the Upper Missouri" and reads in part:

"The exploration of the Missouri River from Gallatin City or the Three Forks with the view of ascertaining whether it can be navigated between those two points is a matter of first importance. It is the opinion of many who are well informed on the subject that it can.

"This was a pet project with the lamented General Meagher. At the time he lost his life, he was seriously contemplating the construction of a steam boat for that purpose, and had concluded arrangements for the preliminary survey."

with the sandbars and the rocks. Deep, still water fills most of the canyons where the rapids used to run. But there are stretches yet where the river is itself—below Canyon Ferry for a few miles, in the gorge at Hauser Dam, and in the fast water of the Half-breed Rapids. It looks like a poor place for steamboats, but they had to prove that the hard way—the little steel steamer from Dubuque, and the big wooden one from the Beaverhead.

The Northern Cheyenne at Fort Fetterman

Colonel Woodward Describes Some Experiences of 1871

Edited by John E. Parsons

Colonel George A. Woodward, author of this sketch, was a Philadelphian and son of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. As organizer and captain of the "Penn Rifles" (Company A of the 2nd Pennsylvania Reserves), Woodward saw service with the Army of the Potomac at the outset of the Civil War. Wounded in the foot at Charles City Cross Roads in the Peninsular Campaign of 1862, he was captured and confined in Libby Prison until exchanged. Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment in 1863, he commanded it at Gettysburg although still lame from his wound. The Pennsylvania Reserves defended Little Round Top on the second day of the battle.

After the war, though not a West Pointer, Woodward received an appointment as lieutenant colonel in the regular army. Transferred to the 14th Infantry in 1869, he was in command at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, when the events here described took place. Later he commanded at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, and Fort Cameron, Utah, before becoming colonel of the 15th Infantry in 1876. Three years later he was retired for disability due to Civil War injuries.

Col. Woodward became an editor of *The United Service*, in whose columns the account that follows appeared in April, 1879. Significantly, perhaps, he wrote it on retirement, for evidently he did not subscribe to the usual Army view of "good" Indians. The need for diplomacy, fair dealing and compassion toward the native wards of the Government is a theme running through the story.

It sketches at first hand several Cheyenne chiefs conspicuous in the annals of the tribe: Old Bear, leader of a band of irreconcilables and a participant in the Battle of the Little Big Horn; Turkey Legs, wily entrepreneur, the exploits of whose band included the derailment of a U. P. freight train; and Little Wolf and Dull Knife, epic leaders of the homeward march of the Northern Cheyenne exiles to Indian Territory in 1878. Portrayed likewise are two Arapaho chiefs, Friday and Black Coal, the former a Jesuit pupil returned to savage life.

Colonel Woodward was mistaken in accepting the current report that Dull Knife lost his life in the midwinter breakout from Fort Robinson. This chief survived the escape to find eventual sanctuary at Fort Keogh, Montana, whence Little Wolf had already gone after surrender to Lieut. Clark. But Dull Knife did not live to see the creation of the Northern Cheyenne reservation in 1884 between the Tongue River and the Rosebud. Near it Little Wolf ended his days in self-exile and there descendants of their bands still live. Col. Woodward's account follows: —JOHN E. PARSONS

THE LATEST blossoming of our Indian policy, as exemplified in the case of "Dull Knife's" band of the Northern Cheyennes, has attracted wide-spread attention, and not a little adverse comment. It exhibits, in epitome, the baneful consequences that must ever attend the working of a system of divided responsibility in the conduct of Indian affairs. Not being in possession of sufficient authentic and detailed information on which to base an intelligent judgment, I shall not attempt to impute blame to either the civil or military officials connected with this affair; indeed, had I such information, I should have neither the disposition nor the right to criticise or find fault, my purpose and only legitimate province in this paper being to jot down for the entertainment of the readers of *The United Service* some experiences of my own with the Northern Cheyennes in times gone by, when Dame Fortune was more benign to them than she has proven of late.



Joe Merival (wearing hat) is pictured here with a group of Sioux at a conference in Washington, at which he acted as an interpreter. This "grizzled Mexican" whose whole life was spent among the Indians, is graphically described in this article by Colonel Woodward. Photo from Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution.

I cannot, in passing, however, restrain expression to the thought, that has doubtless occurred to many of us, of how great the pity is that gallant soldiers, the peers of the best humanitarians in all the refinement and susceptibilities that belong to gentlemen, should be compelled by the stern requirements of duty to turn their arms, under such circumstances as attend this occurrence, against a people whose wild love of liberty and home could make them do, and dare, and die so bravely as have these Cheyennes.

In the spring of 1871 the Fourteenth Infantry, of which I was then the lieutenant-colonel, was ordered to Forts Laramie and Fetterman, in the Territory of Wyoming; the regimental head-

quarters, with six companies, going to the former post, and I, with the remaining four companies, to the latter. Fort Fetterman, named for the gallant but unfortunate officer who, with his entire command, was slaughtered by the Sioux Indians, near Fort Phil Kearney, in 1866, is situated at the junction of La Prele Creek and the North Platte River, and was, at the time of which I speak, the extreme outpost of the Platte River region.

Fort Laramie was eighty miles distant, in a southeasterly direction, but, for all that, was our nearest neighbor; and Medicine Bow Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, ninety miles to the southwest, was the nearest point to us touched by that great artery of travel

and commerce. We had a mail once a week, which we got by sending a party to Horseshoe Creek, half-way between us and Fort Laramie, where it was met by a similar party from the latter post, between whom our outgoing and incoming mails were exchanged. We had, besides, telegraphic connection with Fort Laramie, and with department headquarters at Omaha.

At this time we were, nominally, at peace with all of the Northwestern tribes. This peace was not exactly of the kind that politicians habitually denominate "profound," but was rather a one-sided affair, in which we were to presume all Indians to be peacefully inclined until the contrary were shown; a principle that did not operate beneficently as to parties that might meet the copper-colored gentry at the moment their savagery—emotional, like the insanity of the modern murderer—got the better of their plighted faith.

The situation of Fort Fetterman made it a convenient house of call for roving bands of the Ogallala Sioux, the Northern Arapahoes, and the Northern Cheyennes; the two latter of which tribes, although claimed by Red Cloud to belong to his jurisdiction, and therefore appurtenant to his agency, repudiating such claim, had been allowed by the government to receive their supplies at Fetterman, and the post had therefore become practically their agency, and its commanding officer *ex officio* their agent.

I had been in command at Fetterman but a short time, when one day runners came in bringing intelligence that "Little Wolf," one of the three headmen of the Cheyennes—the other two being "Turkey Legs" and "Dull Knife"—would arrive the next day with the larger part of the tribe, who were returning from their great autumn hunt in the Powder River country. And the next day, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, the sentinel whose beat commanded a view up the valley of the Platte reported the approach of Indians. Although still some miles away, we

could easily, by aid of field-glasses, separate what to the unaided eye seemed only a dark moving mass into its constituents of warriors, squaws, children, ponies, and dogs.

The column came on, moving slowly, but with such order and precision as gave token of skilled leadership and soldierly discipline. Arrived near the post, a halt was called, and immediate dispositions made for camping, the labor involved falling, as all labor does among savages, upon the women. The unloading of the ponies and their picketing out, the erection of the "tepees," the carrying in and stowing away of the bundles of robes, bags of pemmican, strings of dried meat, and the few uten-



Red Cloud, the tough Ogalala chief whose burning hatred of white men and whose resolve to keep them from Indian lands triggered some of the bloodiest battles of the Indian Wars.

John E. Parsons is the author of four books on 19th Century American firearms, the Single Action Colt, the Deringer, Winchester, and Smith & Wesson revolvers. With John du Mont, Parsons wrote the monograph "Firearms in the Custer Battle." He has also contributed articles to the "American Rifleman," "Atlantic Salmon Journal" and the "New York Historical Society Quarterly."

Mr. Parsons who describes himself as "an East-of-the-Hudson Westerner, never photographed with his hat on," is a trustee of the New York Historical Society and is an enthusiastic member of the New York Posse of the Westerners. His interest in Montana stems from a summer's journey across the continent and to Alaska in 1914, which included a pack trip through Glacier National Park.

sils employed in culinary operations, that constitute the *impedimenta* of Indian marching, all devolve upon the squaw.

Leaving the women to their labors, Little Wolf, accompanied by a select few of his warriors, came up to the post for a talk with the commanding officer, stopping on his way at the log cabin just outside the fort, where lived our guide and interpreter, Joe Merival, "Old Joe," as he was popularly called, whose services were indispensable on all occasions of council or talk.

Joe was a grizzled Mexican, whose whole life had been spent among the Indians, formerly as a trapper, but for many years in the capacity he held at Fetterman, of guide and interpreter. Joe was a character, and his dialect was something all his own. Indeed, until use made it familiar and to some degree intelligible, his speech needed interpreting nearly as much as that of the Indians themselves. One of Joe's dialectic peculiarities was the excision or clipping off of the last syllables of words, as though he disapproved of redundancy, and boldly rejected what he regarded as surplusage in language. For example, "Bible" with Joe became "bibe," and "you ain't the Bibe" was Joe's mode of telling one with whom he differed in opinion that he was not infallible. Joe was also indifferent to gender, and habitually spoke of woman—"gooman" he called her—as "he." On one occasion he was telling a party of officers about a game of *monte* he once saw in Mexico, and was illustrating how deftly the dealer cheated the players. "But, Joe," said one of the officers, "I should have thought they would have knifed him." "Oh, no, no," said Joe; "he was a gooman."

Well, Little Wolf having secured Joe's services, came to my office, and filing in with his dusky aids, each as they entered shaking my hand and ejaculating "how," he took a proffered chair, while the others ranged themselves around the walls of the room, squatting or sitting on the floor. The Indian in council is the



This Brady portrait of Lt. Col. George A. Woodward is from the Library of Congress files. Though not a West Pointer, this skillful officer was eventually raised to full colonel in the regular army. He was retired in 1879 for disability from Civil War wounds.

most deliberate of mortals, and beyond uttering his "how" on entering—and that is not invariable—not a word will he speak until the pipe has been produced, slowly filled with kinikinnik, passed to the end man at the right, by him lighted, devotionally tendered, first, by a downward gesture, to Mother Earth, and then, by an upward one, to the Great Spirit above, then a whiff or two taken, and the pipe handed to the next man towards the left, who, repeating the proceedings of the first, hands it to his left-side neighbor, and so on till its circuit of the assemblage is completed. At least once, often twice or three times, the pipe makes its rounds before the talking begins. Then the chief, or head-man, of the party rises, offers his hand to the person he is about to address, says "how," and begins his speech.

On this occasion, Little Wolf, after telling me that he was glad to see me, and "that his heart was good towards



This picture of Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, was taken in 1870 by William H. Jackson. It was in 1871 that Colonel Woodward was transferred to this historic post, site of the bloody Fetterman Massacre. It was here that the Colonel had the sometimes amusing but historically significant experiences with the Cheyenne which he recounts here.
U. S. Geological Survey photo

me," went on to say that they had had a prosperous hunt in the fall, and had procured a large supply of skins, which they had dressed, and were now anxious to trade for the various articles of use and ornament that suit the Indian taste. Besides our regular post trader, there had gathered near the post a number of others provided with Indian goods, in anticipation of this coming in of the Cheyennes, and Little Wolf wanted me to say what rules should be observed in dealing with them. He informed me that he had "made soldiers,"—equivalent to posting sentinels,—and that none but those I saw with him would be permitted to leave their village, or camp, till he had my permission to open trade. Having listened to what I had to say in reply, and receiving permission to make the best bargains he could, and with whom he chose, he and his companions took their departure, and spent the rest of the day in stalking solemnly about from one trader's camp to another, getting from each of the competing dealers a "feast," consisting mainly of coffee and crackers, and receiving at the same time proposals for their robes and other peltry.

The next day Little Wolf gave his people loose rein, and they were soon everywhere about the post. Many of the women and children, more curious than avaricious, dropping out of the crowds that pressed around the counters of the

post trader, would come up to the officers' quarters and hang for hours about the windows, peering in, and frequently flattening their noses against the panes to get a more satisfactory view of our interior life, which seemed to possess for them irresistible attraction. Most of our ladies were sufficiently familiar with Indians not to be seriously alarmed by their presence, but to the more timid and nervous among them the sudden apparition of an aged crone, whose hand, no doubt, had often brained or scalped the white victim of Indian savagery, would be far from exhilarating.

Others of the Indian women, however, were not a whit behind their sisters of the pale-face in their propensity for "shopping," and would stand hour after hour, ranged two and three deep, along the counters in the post trader's storehouse, feasting their eyes on the bright beads and parti-colored calicoes and flannels with which his shelves were loaded, producing from time to time, for the purposes of barter, a buffalo tongue, dried and cured, or a dressed skin of some of the smaller objects of the chase, which, up to that moment, had been carefully hidden somewhere about their persons. Some of them on this occasion perpetrated a fraud on the post trader that for a time gave promise of largely increasing their personal estate at his expense. In the rush of

business, which he was taking at its flood, he and his assistants had no time to make any orderly disposition of the wares he was receiving, and, as fast as gathered in, the buffalo tongues and peltry were tossed under the counters, discovering which, some of the Indian women managed quietly to detach one of the boards forming the front of the counter, and, reaching in, would abstract the wares already once paid for and unblushingly "swap" them again.

From this time forth, during nearly my whole stay at Fetterman, I had a good deal of experience with the Cheyennes. Every five days, when they were in the neighborhood, they came in to receive their rations, the issuing of which nearly always had to be prefaced by a council or talk, the object of which, however it might at first be masked by a pretence of other business, generally proved to be a demand for an increased supply of subsistence stores. For a long time they insisted that I was not giving them credit for the number of people they had, and, to prove it, they would bring to the councils a bundle of small sticks of uniform size and length, which constituted their census, each stick counting for a person, and they thought it very hard that I would not accept this return as final and conclusive. I invariably told them that whenever they would submit to be counted I would increase the number of their rations if my enumeration proved their claim to be well founded; but, until such time, I would adhere to the existing practice of estimating their number from the number of "tepees" or lodges constituting their village.

In common, I believe, with Indians generally, they were averse to being counted, whether because of some superstition or because their actual number being once ascertained it would not be so easy to magnify it on occasion, I do not know. However, they finally yielded, and at an appointed time they formed a great circle in a grassy spot just across the Platte, and, accompanied by my adjutant and quartermaster and

the interpreter, I rode over, and, passing slowly around inside the circle, made my count, while each of my companions made his, and when we were through we compared and verified our several enumerations. The result was that they were found to have a considerably greater number than I had been issuing to. On this occasion the whole Northern Cheyenne tribe were present, with the exception of one small band whose numbers were pretty accurately known, and as this was the first time that an actual enumeration of them had been successfully attempted, the information obtained was not without value.

Of the three head-men of the Cheyennes, Dull Knife was, I think, greatly the superior. Tall and lithe in form, he had the face of a statesman or church dignitary of the grave and ascetic type. His manner of speech was earnest and dignified, and his whole bearing was that of a leader weighted with the cares of state. Little Wolf had a less imposing presence, but looked more the soldier than the statesman. Turkey Legs looked his character, which was a very bad one. His appearance was mean and forbidding, and bespoke the very incarnation of treachery and cruelty. The ascetic-looking Dull Knife was, however, not superior to a fondness for sweets. Somebody about the post had given him once a can of preserved pine-apple, and this he had found so toothsome that he resolved if possible to have it included in the issue of rations made to him. Accordingly, the next issue day, he told Joe that he wanted him to ask the colonel for some pine-apple. Joe told him that it was useless to ask for it, as he would only be refused. "You do as I tell you," said Dull Knife. "You ask the colonel for it, and *accident* (Joe, for 'accidentally') he may be in good humor, and may give it to us."

Turkey Legs distinguished himself on one occasion at Fetterman by a wonderfully successful fishing exploit that he and his people accomplished with a seine belonging to one of the companies at the post, which had been loaned him



Turkey Legs is described by Colonel Woodward as "mean and forbidding" and his appearance "bespoke the very incarnation of treachery and cruelty." Turkey Legs was one of three Cheyenne "head men" with whom Colonel Woodward had to deal at Fort Fetterman. Photo from the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York.

on condition that all the pickerel he should take with it should go to the company, he retaining such other of the finny denizens of the Platte as might be captured. Taking the seine, the whole band—men, women, and children—proceeded to the river, and selecting a spot where the channel was much narrowed by a projection of the opposite shore, the men, wading in, stretched the seine across the upper end of the narrowed part, while the women and children, mounted on their ponies, formed a line across its lower end, and, closing in upon the party with the seine with a great noise of shouts and splashing of water, they drove the fish into the seine as it was slowly swept shoreward, the net result being a take of nine hundred fish, of which the pickerel, the part going to the company, filled a hand-cart to overflowing. Much elated at their success, they were about to repeat the experiment, when Joe, fearful that they would depopulate the stream, forbade further attempt in that direction.

The only hostile act of which any portion of the Cheyennes was guilty during the time the tribe was under my

supervision—at least the only one committed anywhere in the region over which the protection afforded by Fort Fetterman could be regarded as extending—was an attack, made by a small party of them, on a quartermaster's wagon-train at La Bontee Creek, twenty-two miles from the post, on the Laramie road, in the Month of May, 1872; and the subsequent killing of Sergeant Mularkey of my command, who, being in charge of the mail party *en route* for Horseshoe Creek the same day that the wagon-train was attacked, had incautiously ridden ahead of his party, and, coming upon the Indians just after they had been repulsed in their attack upon the train, fell a victim to their rage and disappointment. In this affair the Indians succeeded in killing the sergeant, taking the mule he rode, and escaping into the hills before his party could come up, the first intimation the latter had of the presence of the hostiles being their coming upon the dead body of the sergeant lying in the road, watched over by a faithful dog that had accompanied him.

This was the work of Cheyennes, not, however, of those of them that had been receiving the bounty of the government at Fort Fetterman, but of a small band of irreconcilables under a leader appropriately named "Old Bear," who persisted in maintaining an attitude of hostility towards the whites despite the influence and example of their more tractable brethren. Indeed, the great body of the Cheyennes were on the very day of this occurrence encamped near the post preparing to start for their hunting-grounds on the Powder River, and their presence there materially complicated the solution of the problem as to who were the perpetrators of the Mularkey murder, for Indians never, when it can be avoided, expose themselves with their women and children to the danger of reprisal and retaliation. Their own maxim of conduct being "a life for a life," their presence with their families near a military post is pretty good *prima facie* evidence

of their innocence of any act of killing committed in that immediate neighborhood.

The Cheyenne village on this occasion was perfectly commanded by a gun that could at any moment have been trained upon it, hurling destruction and death upon all it contained; and I found it very difficult, therefore, to believe that with such means of retribution menacing them the Cheyennes were the perpetrators of this outrage.

Besides the Cheyennes, the Arrapahoes were also encamped near the post; so that the same presumption of innocence as to this particular act existed in their case also, thus leaving the Sioux, roving bands of whom were frequently in the neighborhood, obnoxious to the strong suspicion of being the slayers of Mularkey. Having no mounted force, any attempt to find and take up the trail of the hostiles in time to effect a successful pursuit would be futile. I, however, sent for the headmen of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, and giving them to understand that I was very angry with Indians generally, asked them if they had anything to say respecting this outrage. They of course denied all participation in or knowledge concerning it.

Then, addressing myself to the Cheyennes, I told them that I had reason to think that the party who killed the sergeant had gone up the Powder River road, the same that they were about to move on, and that I should expect them to find out the guilty ones and arrest and bring them back to me, and that they should recover and return to me the mule and equipments. This they finally promised to do if they could.

I did not rely very confidently, however, on anything coming of it all, and therefore my surprise was as great almost as was my gratification when, a few days after the Cheyennes had departed, runners from them returned to the post bringing me word from Little Wolf and Dull Knife that they had ascertained that "Old Bear's" band were

the perpetrators of the Mularkey murder, and that they intended to catch and punish them, and this was supplemented a few days later by the arrival of Little Wolf himself, bringing back the mule the sergeant had ridden. Little Wolf informed me that they had come up with "Old Bear's" party at night, and that his young men had charged their camp and had captured it and the mule, but that "Old Bear" and his followers had escaped. Some of this I took *cum grano salis*, but the substantial fact of the rendition of the mule there was no disputing. Having properly acknowledged this evidence of good faith on their part, I made Little Wolf and his companions a present of some rations, and they set out to rejoin their people.

The most powerful influence operating within our Indian system is that of the traders. From top to bottom of the Indian service its *personnel* from time to time changes,—all except the trader; he is perennial. Theoretically, he too has his time to fall, but practically he stays. His counting-room is the point of radiation of lines of influence as minute as the capillary ducts of the human body, and as powerful. If *his* Indians go to Washington to visit their Great Father, he goes with them; the interpreter, who is probably deep in his debt, varies the utterances of the chiefs to suit his purposes, and by his wily machinations he manages to defeat all efforts in behalf of Indians that do not coincide with his interests.

My relation to the Cheyennes at Fort Fetterman was detrimental, of course, to the trading interest at the Red Cloud agency, where it was claimed these Indians properly belonged, and unceasing were the efforts made to effect a rupture of that relation. The Cheyennes themselves, although connected with the Sioux by marriage, and generally allied with them in war, were extremely averse to being associated with them in their village life, for the reason that, being weaker in numbers, they were robbed and lorded over by the Sioux.



THE MEN WHO CAME TO DINNER WITH THE COLONEL

Black Coal (left) and Friday (right) came to see Colonel Woodward at dinnertime one night, and since the Colonel's family had gone to the "states" for a visit, he invited them in for the meal. Friday, who had been educated by the Jesuits before he returned to the savage life of his tribe, was more skillful than Black Coal in handling the silver and other appointments at the Colonel's table. This amusing and revealing story is told here. Pictures are from the National Archives and Bureau of American Ethnology.

and for the further reason that the principles and the practice of the Sioux in regard to female chastity differed widely, for the worse, from that of the Cheyennes.

What the Cheyennes most earnestly desired was the establishment of an agency for themselves, somewhere in the Northern country, or, if that could not be compassed, their continuance under military management at Fort Fetterman. The scheme of the government respecting them was to effect their transfer, peacefully if possible, to a southern reservation, and it was the partial consummation of this scheme that led to the recent tragic events in their history. In all of my councils with them I persistently endeavored to bring their minds to an acceptance of the government scheme of removal to the south, but without much success.

Meanwhile, I regarded it as of prime importance that, pending their final disposition, they be kept away from the Red Cloud agency, because I knew that the influences to which they would be subjected there would be opposed to the

realization of the government scheme; and, moreover, anticipating the hostilities with the Sioux that have since occurred, I deemed it better military policy, while the Cheyennes should remain in the Northern country, to have them so in hand that we might utilize them as our allies against the Sioux, rather than add them as a reinforcement to the latter.

Finding my efforts to induce them to acquiesce in the policy of a removal to the south ineffectual, I tried to persuade them to ask for permission to visit Washington, hoping that, by an interchange of views with the authorities there, either the government might succeed in winning them over to acceptance of its scheme, or, if that failed, they might be permitted to have an agency of their own. After repeated refusals to accept this advice they finally adopted it, and, coming to me, asked that I would communicate to the Great Father their request to be allowed to visit Washington; this I immediately did, but the moment was inopportune, for, as it happened, Red Cloud was just then

on one of his periodical visits to the Capital, accompanied by his retinue of traders and interpreters, and, the request of the Cheyennes being communicated to him, he was made to say that a delegation from them was unnecessary, that they belonged to him, and that he would represent them. In consequence of this opposition of Red Cloud to their suit the Cheyennes failed to obtain the personal hearing at Washington which they so ardently desired, and which, had it been accorded them, I cannot but think would have resulted happily, both for the government and for them.

Even after my *quasi* agentship had been terminated and both the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes had been remitted to the Red Cloud agency for their subsistence and government oversight, they were constantly touching at Fetterman in their journeys to and from the Powder River country and their forays against the Shoshonees, and it was seldom that the tepees of members of one or the other of these tribes were not visible near the post. The Cheyennes and Arrapahoes got along very peaceably together. The latter were only half as strong in number as the former, and although originally among the most fierce and warlike of the Indians of the plains, they were, much more rapidly than the former, taking on a milder type of manners and character. Their declining numbers had doubtless much to do with this decadence from their pristine eminence in savage traits, and they had among them, moreover, a man whose influence probably operated as an auxiliary towards the same result.

The man to whom I allude was "Friday," whose singular history, albeit not falling strictly within the purview of my subject, merits a passing notice. The tribe, many years ago, breaking up their village on the Cimarron branch of the Arkansas River, divided into two bands, each taking its own direction. Friday was at that time a boy of about seven years of age. By some misadventure he found himself accompanying one band

while his parents and family had gone with the other. Upon making this discovery he left the party he was with and started to find the one his parents had accompanied. He lost his way, and wandered about for days in a vain search for the right trail, till at last, overcome by hunger, fatigue, and cold, he lay down, as he supposed, to die.

A passing trader found him, however, before life was extinct, and carrying him to Missouri, turned him over to the Jesuit fathers at St. Louis. By them he was cared for and instructed, with a view to making him, in after-years, a missionary to his people. He proved intelligent and apt, and became a respectable scholar in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. When he had attained the age of sixteen, his parents then for the first having learned his whereabouts, made requisition on the government for him, and with much reluctance, both on his part and on that of the worthy fathers who had so long nurtured him, he was delivered to his parents at a spot near one of the military posts, in what is now the State of Colorado. So little, however, did he enjoy the prospect of a return to the savage life, that as soon as the shades of night had fallen upon the Indian village he stole forth, and made a break for the camp of the party that had brought him out from the States.

His attempt at escape was speedily discovered, and promptly frustrated by pursuit and recapture, and he was compelled to take up again the nomadic life of the plains. Had he been of maturer age at the time of this rendition, or, perhaps, had his character been of tougher fibre, the store of languages, dead and living, and, let us hope, the precepts of religion and morality with which the good fathers had furnished him, might have proved a valuable equipment for effort on his part toward civilizing and Christianizing his people; but, being what he was, only a boy, and sharing with us all that human tendency towards vagabondage that makes descent into savagery much easier than rising out of it, he became what he was when

I knew him,—as thoroughly an Indian, to all outward seeming, as any of his companions. Almost his only distinguishing characteristic, beyond his knowledge of English, was a fondness for "fire-water," that could only be regarded as distinctive by reason of the proportions it had attained.

And yet, despite all this, I believe, as I intimated before, that unconsciously to himself, and imperceptibly by his people, Friday has been an auxiliary of no mean effect in toning down the savagery of the tribe, and so rendering them somewhat more amenable to civilizing influences.

The Arrapahoes at the time of which I speak were without a recognized chief their headship being divided between Friday and a splendid specimen of the young Indian brave named "Black Coal." The two called one day at my quarters on some business just as I had finished dinner, and as I was alone at the time, my family having gone to the States, I invited them to eat; an invitation which an Indian as invariably accepts as does that approximate congener of his,—civilization's latest human product,—the tramp.

My man of all work reset the table with the same attention to detail that he would have given it had my guests been in velvet and ermine instead of blankets and paint. Whether influenced thereto by a sentiment of respect for the aborigines, a hope that he might be gratefully remembered should the vicissitudes of war ever cast him upon their tender mercies, or simply by the fact of their being his master's guests, I could not say. Black Coal watched his proceedings with an expression of countenance that seemed to indicate an uneasy feeling in his mind, which, had it found vent in words, would probably have formulated itself into "heap dishes, mighty little grub," the to him unfamiliar display of china, glass, and cutlery giving forth a somewhat chilly aspect that was but faintly relieved by the piece of butter midway of the table,

which constituted all the food in sight, pending the warming up of the joint and vegetables.

Friday's reminiscences of civilized ways enabled him to possess his soul in patience until the board, duly set, was ready to receive him and his companion, when he still further indicated the training of his youth by displaying a perfect familiarity with the several table articles and their uses, while Black Coal was much hampered in the appeasing of his appetite by the necessity he was under of learning by observation of his more accomplished friend the mode of using the knives and forks and spoons with which civilization has supplemented aboriginal fingers.

My last council with the Cheyennes was a stormy one. It was after Fort Fetterman had ceased to be their appointed base of supplies that one day about five hundred of them came in hungry and cross, asking for food. At the beginning of the council they were glum and moody, but not insolent. I received them kindly, but told them that I could not issue rations to so large a number of them without first obtaining the permission of the Great Father at Washington, as it was no longer intended that they should be subsisted at Fetterman, but at the Red Cloud agency, all of which they perfectly well understood. I further said to them, as they seemed to be really suffering for food, I would ask the Great Father, by telegraph, for permission to issue them bread and beef sufficient to subsist them *en route* to the agency; that I might receive a reply that afternoon, but that possibly it would be delayed till next morning; that I would see them again in the afternoon and tell them whether I had received an answer to my dispatch or not. At the time for the reassembling of the council in the afternoon no reply had been received, and upon my informing them of this fact they began to manifest a very ugly spirit.



Two of their young men had been killed by whites just previous to this, between Fort Laramie and the railroad, and one of their speakers commenced arraigning me and the whites generally for this offense, his harangue finding great acceptance with his companions, who, by their grunts of applause and angry looks, were evidently being worked up to a high pitch of excitement. When he had finished, I replied to him that the young men who were killed were stealing cattle, and had no business to be where they were under any circumstances; furthermore, that I had an unsettled account with them in the matter of my sergeant, whom their people had killed. To this they vouchsafed no immediate reply, but one of them, rising with great excitement of manner, ejaculated somewhat after this fashion: "What are you doing in this country, anyhow? You come here and kill our game; you cut our grass and chop down our trees; you break our rocks" (prospecting for mines), "and you kill our people. This country belongs to us, and we want you to get out of it."

Joe having got thus far in his interpreting, I stopped him, and directed him to tell the Indians that I had heard all that I proposed to listen to of that kind of talk, and that if they were not more civil I would turn them off the reservation, and if they ever set foot on it again I should treat them as enemies. The aspect of affairs at this juncture was threatening: the Indians were all armed, while the few of us who were present were unarmed; they were angry and excited, and, except for a diversion which most opportunely occurred, se-

rious results might have ensued. But, fortunately, just at this moment the telegraph operator came in and handed me a reply to my dispatch, authorizing me to issue the bread and beef.

Transferring it to Joe, I told him to interpret it to the Indians. The effect was magical, and strongly controverted the traditional stoicism that they are credited with, for no sooner did they learn the contents of the dispatch than all their sullenness disappeared, smiles took the place of scowls, they crowded around me and the other officers present with a general shaking of hands and ejaculations of "how," and one enthusiastic brave, seizing my hand, intimated to me his opinion that the killing of my sergeant and of their two young men about balanced matters in that line, and that we ought now to drop the subject.

This, as I have said, was my last council with the Cheyennes. The Sioux were becoming restive, and the greed of traders, made potential by the unfortunate system, at the core of which it nestles like the "worm in the bud," had forced the Cheyennes to amalgamate with them, and undergo conversion from peaceful wards and possible allies of the government to active and relentless foes. Now, nearly eight years since the incidents I have narrated, old Dull Knife lies stark and stiff among the Nebraska bluffs, his warriors are either dead or in irons, the widows of his braves find refuge with their sisters of the Sioux, and Little Wolf plays the avenger among the ranchmen of the Niobrara.

GEO. A. WOODWARD,
Colonel U.S.A.

THE MONTANA COMPANY, LIMITED.

DIRECTORS' REPORT, BALANCE SHEET AND STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, *For Half Year ending 31st December, 1888.*

TO BE PRESENTED AT THE
TENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS,
AT THE
TERMINUS HOTEL, CANNON STREET, LONDON.

At Twelve o'clock noon, on WEDNESDAY, the 27th March, 1889.

This is the title page of the directors' report of the Montana Company, Ltd., prepared for the stockholders in London for the year ending Dec. 31, 1888. The original of this and other reports are on file in the Historical Society of Montana.

The Irish Fox and the British Lion

The Story of Tommy Cruse, the Drum Lummon,
and The Montana Company, Limited (British)

by W. Turrertine Jackson

MONTANA'S mineral wealth established distinguished careers for many men. The copper deposits of Butte enabled William A. Clark to accumulate a fortune and build a financial empire in the fields of mining, railroading, and real estate. Having a penchant for politics, he used his wealth to gain political support, to secure his election to the United States Senate, and to enjoy international fame. Less spectacular, but equally fabulous was the career of Marcus Daly, an Irish immigrant with an innate sympathy for the working man, who also built a fortune and became manager of the Anaconda mine and smelter. These "copper kings" are well-known.

Thomas Cruse, another Irish immigrant who played a major role in discovering and developing Montana's mineral wealth, although greatly respected in his state, is little known beyond its borders. His personal life was more routine, or orderly, quite unlike so many of the mining moguls of the late nine-

teenth century, and he avoided sensational newspaper publicity. His fortune was made in gold and silver rather than in copper.

Tommy Cruse was born in March, 1836 in County Cavan, Ireland, the son of Mary McInerny and James Cruse. His beginnings were humble, his educa-

tion limited in scope, and his future insecure. At twenty he resolved to leave his Irish home and sail for New York to seek his fortune. For seven years he worked in that city at the type of jobs available for a young Irish immigrant. Believing that greater opportunities must exist on the Pacific Coast, he elected to try his luck in California. In 1863 he boarded a steamer with the Golden Gate as his destination, traveling by way of the Isthmus of Panama.

Mining appeared to offer the best future for a newcomer so Cruse spent two seasons working in various camps in California and Nevada. The news of the discoveries at Alder Gulch reached him in 1865 and, like many of the prospectors in California and Nevada, he headed for the Northwest to seek his fortune. After a disappointing season in Virginia City, Montana, where he found the valuable claims already taken up, he followed the crowds stampeding to the Salmon River mines of Idaho, only to be disappointed again.¹

Cruse attached himself to a wagon train freighting goods into Helena, then a boisterous mining camp at Last Chance Gulch, arriving in time for the celebration of July 4, 1867. Tradition has it that his first night in Helena was

spent on the streets because he could not find a shelter under which to spread his blankets.² Still hoping to find his rich claim, he went to Trinity Gulch, a few miles north of Helena, to engage in placer mining. Soon he was working along the stream known as Silver Creek.

Few men were in the area at the time, and William Brown, a placer miner who had a cabin near by, was so lonesome he invited Cruse to work one of his claims and bunk with him. The young Irishman willingly accepted. The gold he panned was often found attached to a distinctive type of quartz and he resolved to find the source. Although Tommy Cruse preferred to work alone, he asked Brown to become his partner in the search, but Brown refused because he thought that quartz mining was for men with money and scientific knowledge and that it offered no opportunity for a poor prospector.³

Tommy Cruse went quartz hunting. Luck was with him. After a season's hard work, he struck what appeared to be the mother lode, but water soon drove him out of this discovery shaft. Keeping his secret, he began digging a long tunnel into the mountainside hoping to drain off the water and tap the vein whose outcropping he had discovered. As he burrowed away, Cruse gained a reputation among the placer miners for being mentally unbalanced. Periodically he returned to the old placer claim that Brown had given him to pan enough gold to secure provisions and powder and then he returned to his tunnel. In April, 1876, he uncovered a ledge of rich ore, containing both gold and silver, that he named the Drum Lummon for the parish in Ireland where he was born.⁴

Dr. W. Turrentine Jackson is a professor of history at the University of California at Davis and has done extensive research and writing on Western history. A native of Louisiana, he received his B.A. degree from Texas Western College at El Paso and his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Texas.

Dr. Jackson has enumerable articles to his credit as well as two major books, *Wagon Roads West*, published by the University of California in 1951, and *When Grass Was King*, published in 1956 by the University of Colorado.

The author did considerable research in Montana in 1956 and 1957, the accompanying article on the Drum Lummon Mine being one result. His research here was financed by a travel grant from the American Philosophical Society and his writing sponsored by the Social Science Research Council.

Dr. Jackson, whose research field includes the West in American history with emphasis on the Trans-Mississippi West, frontier influence and European contributions to western development, wrote his doctoral dissertation on early exploration and founding of Yellowstone National Park. He was supervised in its research and writing by Walter Prescott Webb.

¹ Joaquin Miller, *An Illustrated History of the State of Montana* (Chicago: The Lewis Publishing Company, 1894), 416-417; *Progressive Men of the State of Montana* (Chicago: A. W. Bowen and Co., n. d.), 40-41.

² *Men of Affairs and Representative Institutions of the State of Montana* (Butte: Butte Newswriters' Association, 1914).

³ "William Brown Kept Tom Cruse in Money to Seek Old Drum Lummon," Cruse newspaper clipping file, Montana State Historical Society, Helena.

⁴ Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, *A History of Montana. I* (Chicago and New York: The Lewis Publishing Company, 1913), 458-459.

Cruse believed his claim was a good one, but he had no idea he had discovered one of Montana's most famous gold and silver mines. His tunnel was built for one man to crawl in, so small that the ore was difficult to get out, and not until 1880 was the first quartz milled.⁵ Mill owners immediately learned that the ore from the Drum Lummon was exceptionally rich and a rumor spread rapidly through mining circles that any group of enterprising capitalists, with extensive resources, could develop the mine into a bonanza.

Henry Bratnober, a well-known American mining engineer, had been authorized by an English syndicate to take an option on any property that upon examination appeared to be a good buy. Learning of Cruse's rich discovery, the engineer hastened to Marysville and made an offer which was refused. On his way east he met Sam Ward, a Montana lawyer, in Dillon and told him of the disappointment. Ward prevailed upon Bratnober to remain in the Territory until he could contact friends in Helena. Through Hugh McQuaid of the *Helena Independent*, T. J. (Jeff) Lowry, a Helena attorney who handled Cruse's business, learned of the offer and urged both Ward and Bratnober to return to Helena. Tradition claims that Cruse's lawyer and the agent of the British agreed upon the major terms of the transfer while taking a buggy ride on the outskirts of Helena.⁶

Although the British had invested heavily in California placer mines during the 1850's and expanded their interests into Colorado, Nevada and Utah during the next decade, the purchase of the Drum Lummon Mine, along the headwaters of Silver Creek, 22 miles northwest of Helena, in Lewis and Clark County, was the first significant English mining venture in Montana. Early in 1883, The Montana Company, Limited, was registered in London with a capital of £600,000 divided into 300,000 shares of £2. This gigantic enterprise, representing the largest mining undertaking of the British for the year, was

promoted by the London Mercantile Association and the Joint Stock Association. Unlike the vast majority of British mining companies, The Montana Company, Limited, had shares paid in full from the start so that the entire subscribed capital was working.⁷

Cash was needed to complete the transaction with Thomas Cruse. He had agreed to sell his mine to the British for £500,000 — £300,000 or \$1,500,000, in cash and 100,000 paid up shares, thereby retaining one-third interest in the future profits. When all the shares were taken up, the English had £100,000 for development work.

Cruse always felt a great sense of responsibility and appreciation for William Brown, the only man whom he ever invited to become his partner in a mining venture. In spite of his great wealth, Cruse enjoyed visiting with Brown in his humble prospector's cabin in Marysville. When Brown came to Helena he always called on Cruse, the banker, and sold him his gold dust from the placer operation. The story is told that Cruse always overpaid the prospector. In time, Brown became suspicious and before the next visit to Cruse's bank he had his dust weighed elsewhere before offering it to Cruse. After being overpaid \$300, he went to Cruse, admitted that he thought the millionaire had been crazy when he started driving his tunnel, and now was more firmly convinced of the fact. Apologetically, Brown insisted he couldn't take advantage of a mental cripple who paid \$800

⁵ *History of Montana, 1739-1885* (Chicago: Warner, Beers and Co., 1855), 753-754.

⁶ John Scott Mills, "When Tommy Cruse Sold the Rich Drum Lummon Mine, Men Who Profited," *Glasgow Courier*, undated clipping in Cruse Collection, Montana State Historical Society.

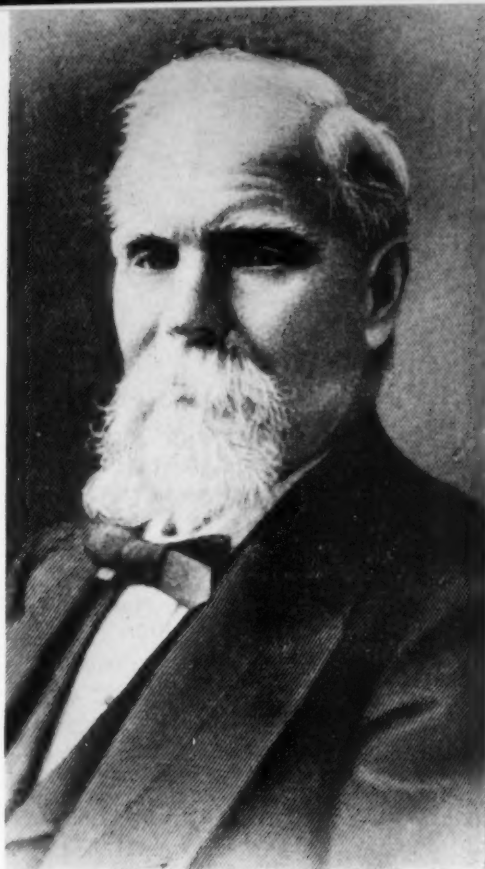
⁷ Prospectus, Articles of Association, Memorandum of Association, The Montana Company, Limited, Bancroft Library Program for the Collection of Western Americana in Great Britain. The prospectus of the company was reprinted in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York), XXXV (January 17, 1883), and in the *Helena Weekly Herald*, February 22, 1883. The Broadway Gold Mining Company, Ltd., capitalized at £120,000 with 24,000 shares of £5 each had been registered in 1881, and was actually the first English company to engage in Montana mining. John Taylor and Sons, managers, named John W. Plummer, an Englishman with twenty years mining experience in America, as superintendent. The limited amount of ore, bearing gold and silver, that was obtained proved refractory and several different smelting processes were tried to no avail. The company was not a financial success and had disappeared from the *Year-Book* of the London Stock Exchange by 1884. See *London Mining Journal*, LI (December 3, 1881), 1508; LII (December 30, 1882), 1575; Skinner, *Stock Exchange Year-Book for 1882*, (London, Paris, and New York: Cassel, Petter, Gilpin and Co.), 221.

for \$500 worth of gold dust. Cruse kept his counsel, but Brown brought no more gold to him. Later the prospector told his story to friends who had different experiences with the banker. They insisted he was the shrewdest dust buyer in Helena; that he could tell where the gold originated by its color. Brown was taunted by the reminder that he was being given favored treatment in memory of the days when both men were living off of "sow-belly and flap-jacks." Brown returned to Cruse's bank, and threatened to avenge the insult by a fight, but the altercation was finally avoided and the friendship maintained.⁸

Before the legal aspects of company registration were complete, the British sent out two inspectors to report on the mine: John Darlington, a mining engineer; and Stewart Pixley, a bullion broker. Reserves of ore, averaging \$40 a ton, were estimated at 150,000 tons by the engineer. Investors were assured of making at least £140,000 a year. Pixley was even more optimistic, evaluating the ore reserves at 260,000 tons, worth £1,300,000. The published prospectus proclaimed the Drum Lummon "one of the Greatest Silver and Gold Mines in the world" with ore "sufficient to keep the mine at work for the next hundred years."⁹

When shareholders assembled in London during May for the statutory meeting required four months following the issuance of the prospectus, the chairman admitted, "the Montana district is comparatively unopened, and it might seem like a very bold thing for anyone to embark in a silver and gold mine in an unknown district in America, especially with the traditions which some of the American mines had brought with them here."

The Drum Lummon, however, was different! The directors announced the appointment of George Attwood as the managing director of the mine at Marysville. He had worked for eight years on the Comstock Lode at Virginia City, Nevada, and had managed the Eberharde and Aurora Mining Company, a



Thomas Cruse, the Irish immigrant whose stubborn search for gold-bearing quartz led to his discovery of the fabulous Drum Lummon mine and made him a millionaire. He was a loyal Montana booster, remaining in Helena throughout his life.

British concern operating a silver mine in the White Pine District of eastern Nevada. Immediately upon his arrival in Montana, he had notified the English owners that a new mill, furnaces, and an office building would need to be erected. Stewart Pixley, who attended the company meeting reaffirmed his view that the Montana Company "was the biggest thing that had been started for many years, and that it would eclipse the Comstock lode."¹⁰ *The Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York agreed that the sale of the Drum Lummon was the chief topic of conversation in mining circles for at least six months.¹¹

During the first year, the British erected a 20-stamp mill with the largest stamps every constructed in the west-

⁸ "William Brown Kept Tom Cruse in Money to Seek Old Drum Lummon," Cruse newspaper clipping file.

⁹ Prospectus, The Montana Company, Limited.

¹⁰ *London Mining Journal*, LIII (May 12, 1883), 547.

¹¹ XXXVI (June 28, 1883).

ern United States, each capable of crushing two tons a day. Plans called for an expansion of this mill to fifty stamps that could automatically handle two hundred tons of ore every twenty-four hours. An air compressor was installed to furnish power for drilling throughout the new tunnels being opened. A tramway was constructed to carry ore from the mine entrance, sixty feet up the mountainside, to the mill. Expenditures had been so rapid that the directors had to borrow £30,000 from Thomas Cruse to pay the company's indebtedness.¹² By May, 1884, the British had spent the entire £100,000 allotted for development work, and the shareholders were requested to authorize a £60,000 increase in the capital. Cruse was pressing the company to repay his loan.¹³

A special correspondent of the *Montana Stock and Mining Journal* visited the Montana Company operation at Marysville in June, 1884, and reported that unselected ore from the Cruse tunnel was yielding from \$74 to \$90 a ton. A force of 150 men were employed. Marysville, a village that had sprung up near by, had seventy-five houses with six hotels, a restaurant, hardware store, and two saloons that enjoyed a profitable trade. The hotels were crowded with eager and excited men representing many nationalities.¹⁴ Although things appeared to be booming in Montana, expenses were so great that monthly profits for the shareholders were never more than \$30,000 a month. The result was a major collapse of the shares to five shillings, only twenty-five percent of their par value.¹⁵

A committee of investigation, including N. Story-Maskelyne, the chairman of the board, and another director, J. R. Armitage, hastened to Montana. Hamilton Smith, Jr., a distinguished mining and hydraulic engineer, was taken along as special consultant.¹⁶ The investigators reported that a San Francisco company had been paid \$35,000 more for the mill than Frazer and Chalmers of Chicago had offered to furnish it for.

After completion, the mill was incapable of crushing the amount of ore guaranteed in the specifications, so coarse screens were used to make it keep up production and thereby a large percentage of the gold and silver passed into the tailings. More disturbing was the news that between a thousand and fifteen hundred pounds of refined bullion, running forty per cent gold and sixty per cent silver, had been stolen outright. By employing incompetent men, approximately ten tons of quicksilver had been permitted to run to waste at the mill and anyone walking in the gulch below could scoop it up with a spoon. Those cognizant of the state of affairs at Marysville had long hoped for a change. However, the manager was a nephew of an intimate friend of the chairman of The Montana Company, Ltd., who had refused to believe anything adverse against Attwood unless it "was backed by proof strong as holy writ." The editor of the territorial mining journal was candid:

Attwood did not wish to give the mine and works his personal supervision, but sat in his office like a general and issued his orders to his subalternate dudes, whom he distinguished by such high-sounding titles as captain of the mill, or captain of the compressor, or captain of this or that tunnel, level, drift, or stope, each captain having his lieutenants. . . . But for the credit of Montana's leading mines, God save us from any more Attwoods!¹⁷

When the shareholders assembled to hear the directors' report, most of them were indignant that Attwood had not been dismissed immediately as manager. The directors had made a bad situation worse by paying a dividend of 8d. a share, an expenditure of £9,533. This amount was added to the total debt. Under fire, the chairman reminded everyone that this was the first time

¹² *London Mining Journal*, LIV (March 8, 1884), 298; *Montana Stock and Mining Journal* (Helena), (June, 1884), 20-21.

¹³ *London Mining Journal*, LIV (May 10 and 24, 1884).

¹⁴ June, 1884, p. 21.

¹⁵ "The Drumlummon," *Mining and Scientific Press* (San Francisco), LIII (December 11, 1886), 374.

¹⁶ Report to the Board of Directors, The Montana Company, Limited, November 12, 1884. Papers of The Montana Company, Ltd., Montana State Historical Library.

¹⁷ *Montana Stock and Mining Journal* (January, 1885), 142.

¹⁸ *London Mining Journal*, LIV (November 22, 1884), 1343.

¹⁹ *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, XXXVIII (December 6, 1884), p. 373.

²⁰ LIV (December 27, 1884), 1488.

²¹ *London Mining Journal*, LV (March 14, 1885), 316.



The northeast view of the old Drum Lummon stamp mill in which tons of rich ore were crushed in the golden days of the mine, discovered by Thomas Cruse and operated by the benevolent British company. Photo by R. H. Mattison, National Park Service.

he had had anything to do with a mining company and that he did not suggest that the home management was perfect. Frederick P. Crowther, a Liverpool merchant with large holdings in the company, revealed that fourteen of the largest shareholders, representing one-third of the capital of the company, had agreed that a full investigation would have to be made into the affairs of the company.¹⁸

Before the end of 1884, *The Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York revealed the plight of the company to the public. From April, 1883, to the end of that year the old Cruse five-stamp mill, that had been remodeled and increased to fifteen stamps, crushed ore yielding an average of \$65.59 a ton. During the first three months of 1884 the average yield had been from \$49 to \$55. At this point the new mill of fifty stamps began to eat ore and the average yield had dropped off to between \$14 and \$11 a ton. Hamilton Smith went over the ground that John Darlington, the English engineer, had examined. Where the Englishman had estimated the ore in some areas at \$144.18 a ton, Smith's assays revealed only \$15.33. Discrepancies were so great that in some cases the former had \$295 and \$289 as opposed to \$3.48 and \$2.57 reported by Smith. The American engineer urged that the larger mill be shut down and prospecting work increased.

The editor of the New York journal concluded, "The history of the company, we believe, illustrates very well how

necessary it is that the examination of those English engineers not thoroughly familiar with our mines and the conditions affecting them should be confirmed by American experts. The latter are only too often consulted when proceedings begin to look like a *post-mortem*."¹⁹ A correspondent of the *London Mining Journal* came quickly to Darlington's defense declaring that his report had been "careful and conservative" and that only mismanagement had brought the company to grief.²⁰

The upshot of this situation was the resignation of the entire Board of Directors, with the exception of Lord Castleton, in December, 1884, and the selection of a new Board composed of John Bayliss, Thomas J. Bewick, F. P. Crowther, Thomas Phillpotts, and Stewart Pixley, most of whom had served on the stockholders' committee during the period of investigation. At least two of these men, Phillpotts and Pixley, had extensive mining experience. The new directorate immediately agreed upon the replacement of George Attwood as manager at the Montana mine and planned alterations in the system of management both in the United States and England.²¹

Henry Bratnobar, who had played such an important role in the sale of the Drum Lummon mine to the British, had come to London to talk over the company's affairs. He returned to Montana as mine superintendent. Rawlinson Tennant Bayliss, son of one of the new directors, agreed to leave his family and business on a 48 hours' notice to go to

Marysville and take charge of the property as treasurer and financial agent. Upon their arrival at the mine, George Attwood hastened to London and submitted his resignation, claiming unfair treatment by the British directors. Montana newspapers greeted the appointment of Bratnobar with enthusiasm. "He has a full knowledge of the science of mining and milling the precious metals from practical experience, and can give an intelligent direction to everything under the wide range of his duties," wrote the *Helena Weekly Herald*.²²

Bayliss and Bratnobar had apparently moved with great tact in making personnel changes. The new company chairman had mentioned to shareholders, "Naturally there were some few men there whom Mr. Bayliss was obliged to get rid of, but he managed this so quietly, and with so much *bon-hommie*, that he had not made a single enemy, and the men who were working there were working in the most amicable way."²³ This statement was confirmed by the Montana newspapers:

With Mr. Bayliss as General Manager and Henry Bratnobar as Superintendent, every department runs without the friction noticed in former management, which made things run unpleasantly because of the preference shown to classes and nationality. At present there are no favorites, and a man, in whatever capacity, who is competent and does his duty will become a fixture because of his merits, and not because he is a favorite countryman.²⁴

Monthly profits increased from \$50,000 to \$70,000 during the first four months of 1885 and the value of shares began a slow and steady rise. The £2 shares that had once been as low as two shillings were quoted at £1 7s.8d. the end of March, a rise of five shillings during the previous week. Thomas Cruse, who had never had confidence in the previous management, expressed his approval of developments by donating a nine-acre tract to the company for a wood yard along with the necessary land for a tailing bed in the gulch below the mill.²⁵

In October, 1885, rumors began to circulate that miners at the Drum Lummon had struck a bonanza. A reporter from the *Helena Herald* approached Thomas Cruse with the request that he "tell all the facts."

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Cruse, "you can state that an unusual sized body of very rich ore was yesterday struck in the north level of the Maskeyne tunnel. I judge it to be the richest mineral of its dimensions yet uncovered in Montana. It is a vein of about twelve inches in the ore face, average samples of which will assay way up into the thousands. It shows native silver and free gold in masses. Supt. Bratnobar, who will be in from the mine this evening, will have specimens that will make your eyes bulge with astonishment."²⁶

When the news reached Britain, a wild speculation in shares began. By the end of November they were back to the £2 par, in December they climbed to £3 and beyond. Unexpectedly at the end of January four Liverpool brokers received identical telegrams bearing the signature of John Bayliss, father of the general manager of the mine and a company director, that read as follows:

Sell my two thousand Montanas at best—wire what you have done to St. Enoch's Hotel, Glasgow—leave here for there by eleven train—write me fully to-night and keep this strictly to yourself.

Bayliss had just returned from the United States, having docked at Glasgow, and was expected to have inside information on conditions in Montana. Upon the publication of these telegrams, shares dropped fifty per cent in value within forty-eight hours. Company officials pronounced the telegrams a forgery, offered £100 reward for apprehension of the sender who obviously wanted to speculate, and requested an investigation by the authorities at Scotland Yard.²⁷

In Montana the Drum Lummon Mine was still booming. The value of precious metal obtained in January was worth over \$100,000—an unparalleled event in the history of the mine. In

²² December 11, 1884.

²³ *London Mining Journal*, LV (March 21, 1885), 331.

²⁴ *Helena Weekly Herald*, February 12, 1885.

²⁵ *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, XXXIX (June 20, 1885), 430; *London Mining Journal*, LV (May 9, 1885), 522.

²⁶ October 29, 1885.

²⁷ *London Mining Journal*, LVI (February 6, 1886), 158; (March 27, 1886), 360.

February, it rose to \$110,100. On the London market the shares took another spurt upward to an all-time high of £4 9s., a rise of 9s. in just a few days. The press commented, "The stockholders are in a joyful frame of mind over the news, and all Montana is proud of the mine that is such an excellent exponent of her vast mineral resources."²⁸

As money was sent to London, the directors of the Montana Company paid off the outstanding mortgage debentures and set up a reserve fund. At Marysville a new 60-stamp mill with the latest engineering improvements was erected in addition to the other two mills. Of greatest interest to the shareholders was the resumption of dividends on October 1, 1885. A distribution of 1s.6d. was made at that time and again on January 15, 1886, at the rate of 15% per annum on the shares for the last half of 1885. The same rate prevailed for the first quarter of 1886, but was increased to 25% for the next quarter, pushing the half-year average up to 20%.²⁹ Manager Bayliss wrote his father in London:

I am here in the unenviable position of being between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand I have my own reputation to safeguard by working the mine in a fair and consistent manner, so that it will yield steady and equal returns. On the other hand I have a host of anxious shareholders hungering for big returns at any price, and who keep their eyes fixed only on the present. I came out here with the determination to do the very best I possibly could to give you the best returns I could consistently with the square working of the mine. I have strained every nerve to do this.³⁰

A few months later the directors asked their manager, R. T. Bayliss, to join the Board.

The sudden success of the British enterprise had made the name of Montana familiar to the investing public on both sides of the Atlantic. San Francisco's *Mining and Scientific Press* announced, "The prospects of this great mine are, taken all together, of a most encouraging character, and when regarded in connec-

tion with the quantity of high and low grade ore in reserve, justify the expectation that the profits now prevailing, if not much increased, will be fully maintained. We are glad our English cousins, who have put money into many mines in this country, are doing so well in this instance.³¹ Shares rose in the London market to £8 15s. by the end of 1886, as a result of consistent, generous dividends. A correspondent for this west coast journal reported:

This is one mine I can safely recommend as run wholly on its own merits as a mine. There is no small picayunish speculation of the management to obtain a profit out of each man's earnings.

Every man who has any business transaction with the company whatever is paid in the coin of the realm, and there are no company stores or company boarding-houses to which they are given orders, or given their choice to either pay tribute to the company or not have employment. Every employee of the Drumlummon is a free agent and allowed to transact his own business to suit his own sweet will. They pay the full measure of wages going in the country, and all they expect in return is a good honest day's work.

This consistent course toward their employees will enable them to snap their fingers in the face of any labor organization on the continent with impunity.³²

The officers of the Montana Company, Ltd., had displayed unusual foresight in adopting a progressive labor-relations policy. In spite of precautions, accidents occurred in the mine that sometimes proved fatal. Manager Bayliss notified the employees of the company that he thought the time had come to establish a Provident and Accident Insurance Fund. All employees agreed to become members of the association, each employee paying \$1.50 a month into the fund providing the company added an amount each month equal to fifty per cent of the total paid in by all the workers. In case of accident or sickness, employees would be paid \$1.50 a day while under medical treatment. If death occurred, \$1,000 was to be paid to the legal heirs of the deceased. The association was to be governed by a board of four trustees, who would elect a secretary from among their number to serve

²⁸ *Helena Weekly Herald*, March 11, 1886.

²⁹ *London Mining Journal*, LVI (March 27, 1886), 358-360; (June 26, 1886), 742; (September 25, 1886), 1098-1099.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, LVI (March 27, 1886), p. 359.

³¹ LIII (November 27, 1886), 345.

³² *Mining and Scientific Press*, LIII (December 11, 1886), 374.



When the fortunes of the Drum Lummon mine dropped to a new low in 1887, the Montana Company, Ltd., built a cyanide plant to refine the tons of "tailings" left from the crushing operations. The cyanide process recovered a lot of gold but not as much as had been hoped. This is the Bald Butte cyanide plant at Marysville.

as custodian of the funds. The final details concerning the amount of payments and the administration of the fund had been worked out in an open meeting with all the employees of the company present.³³ The *Montana Mining Review* commented, "We regard this association as being superior to any other we know of in the State for the workmen employed by the company. In its treatment of its workmen this company has always been humane and liberal, a fact highly appreciated by the workmen."³⁴

The year 1887 was one of great prosperity for the Montana Company, Ltd. In January the final dividend for 1886 was paid at an annual rate of twenty-five per cent on the invested capital. The return was raised to thirty per cent in April. Bullion produced in 1887 was worth over \$2,000,000 and dividends reached \$950,000 a year. Even so, shareholders complained at the size of the return when monthly profits soared to over \$200,000 a month. More disconcerting to the speculators was the practice of the directors in issuing a statement with each declaration of profits to the effect that the exceptional record could not be maintained. Shares had already climbed to £10 on the London exchange, but if the Board would refrain from pessimism, stockbrokers thought they

would likely go to £12. At the end of the year shares were split two for one and the par value reduced to £1, thereby making them more available for a public eager to invest.³⁵

Marysville had now grown to a town of 1,200. The community had four general merchandise stores, seven hotels, five private boarding houses, two churches, and a public school building. The Orders of the A.O.U.W., Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows were all flourishing. One visitor reported to a west coast mining journal:

The town for the most part is built as nearly all mining towns are, without a thought of anything but the present, and general utility always eclipses architectural beauty in the hurry and scurry of building up a mining camp; . . . [The town is] to be connected by railway communication with the outside world at an early period. The Montana Central is graded within a short distance of the town, and the Northern Pacific is now completing its survey and will be there early in the spring.³⁶

Thomas Cruse had greatly enhanced his personal fortune from the Drum Lummon profits. In addition to the million and a half dollars received at the time of the British purchase, his 100,000 shares had earned a half million dollars in dividends. In March, 1887, he organized the Thomas Cruse Savings Bank in Helena with a capital stock of \$100,000,

of which he personally subscribed \$65,000. The *Herald* noted: "The organization of such another institution in a city that is already so well supplied with banks, is an auspicious omen at this era of brightening prosperity for Helena. The place has already four banks that carry deposits aggregating over \$4,000,000, but with its reputation as the wealthiest city of its size in the United States it can well afford the room and support for this new departure in banking circles."³⁷ As opportunities permitted, the Helena banker sold large blocs of his Montana company shares at the inflated prices. His holdings were worth £1,000,000 at the highest market price. He may well have accumulated between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 from his discovery near Helena.

In 1886, Cruse had married Margaret Carter, a sister of Thomas H. Carter, former United States senator from Montana. Margaret died that same year, leaving an infant daughter, Mary. Cruse never married again, but came to look to the children of his brother, William, of San Francisco, rather than to his daughter, for family support. His niece, Mary Cruse, was the hostess in his Helena home and his nephew, Frank, became Vice-President of the Cruse Savings Bank in the Montana capital.

In religion, Thomas Cruse was faithful to the Roman Catholic heritage he brought from Ireland. As a man of wealth he contributed generously but unostentatiously to religious charities, being the largest donator to the construction of the Helena Cathedral.³⁸ In politics he was a loyal Democrat, but never an office-seeker. He was some-

thing of a lone wolf who refused to join fraternal groups or social organizations. Unlike his contemporaries, Thomas Walsh of Colorado, Captain J. R. DeLamar of Idaho, and William Clark of Montana, who were not content to remain in the region where their mineral wealth was obtained, Cruse concentrated on the economic development of his state through banking, mining and stock raising endeavors.³⁹

The directors of the Montana Company, Ltd., received a rude shock in November, 1887. Manager Bayliss, on his return from London, had found that the valuable ore had suddenly played out and monthly profits were reduced to \$51,000. Henry Bratnobar, the mine superintendent, had already been promised an indefinite leave of absence because of ill health. Company officials counseled patience rather than discouragement, but nothing seemed to allay the disquietude in the minds of shareholders. Investors were gripped by panic and Montana shares began to topple in value. In January, 1888, the quarterly dividend was paid on the basis of twenty per cent a year.⁴⁰ At the semi-annual meeting in March, 1888, the directors received rough treatment from the disappointed shareholders.⁴¹ When profits failed to increase, Stewart Pixley, the chairman, insisted, "The continued prevalence of low-grade ore and non-discovery of any appreciable quantity of high grade ore has been our misfortune—not our fault."⁴² Expenditures were cut to the bone. Each year the proportion of gold in the ore had increased as silver diminished, a fortunate development in view of the declining price of silver. Drum Lummon bullion was systematically shipped to Tiffany's in New York because of its particular fitness for jewelry manufacture.⁴³

In July, 1888, a major reduction in dividends was necessary and the quarterly distribution was only five per cent,

³⁷ *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, XLIV (December 24, 1887), 474.

³⁸ August 26, 1891. See also *Helena Weekly Herald*, March 6, 1884 and November 18, 1886; *Marysville Messenger*, February 8, 1896.

³⁹ *London Mining Journal*, LVII (January 15, 1887), 69; (January 22, 1887), 101; (March 26, 1887), 382; (June 25, 1887), 786; (September 24, 1887), 1156; *Mining World* (London), March 26, 1887 and September 24, 1887; *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, XLIV (July 9, 1887), 30.

⁴⁰ *Mining and Scientific Press*, LIII (December 11, 1886), 374. March 24, 1887.

⁴¹ *Progressive Men of the State of Montana*, pp. 40-41.

⁴² *Men of Affairs and Representative Institutions of the State of Montana*, 1914, n. 6.

⁴³ *London Mining Journal*, LVII (December 3, 1887), 1448; *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, XLIV (December 17, 1887), 455; (December 24, 1887), 474; XLV (January 7, 1888), 25; *Mining and Scientific Press*, LVI (January 7, 1888), 1.

⁴¹ *London Mining Journal*, LVIII (March 31, 1888), 352-353; *Mining World*, March 27, 1888.

⁴² *Mining World*, September 29, 1888.

⁴³ *Mining and Scientific Press*, LVI (April 14, 1888), 230.

where it stayed for the rest of the year. In 1889, shareholders received 8¾ per cent on their investment, but in 1890 the five per cent rate again prevailed. As the dividends had declined, the value of shares dropped more precipitously. Many investors were forced by financial pressure or were frightened into selling their holdings. The 3,200 shareholders of 1888 were reduced to 2,800 in 1889 and on down to 2,400 in 1890.⁴⁴

The editor of the *London Financial Times* was not satisfied with the company conditions in August, 1890:

Mining is, after all, an erratic industry at the best, and great skill, especially on the part of those who are actually in charge of properties in remote districts, is frequently displayed in the work of development. We fully admit, therefore, that when success is achieved shareholders should be generously appreciative of those to whom the success is more or less due.

The Montana Company, for instance, has in seven and a half years returned to the original shareholders £504,000, upon a total capital of £660,000, and if there were any prospects that the same rate of productiveness would be maintained, the proprietors would be warranted in encouraging the directors in the trumpet blowing which has been for many years past so freely indulged in by them. But if matters do not mend greatly before the meeting of the company, we should not be surprised if the harmony of some of the previous gatherings were replaced by a good deal of discord.⁴⁵

In this period of discouragement, the *Montana Mining Review* reminded residents of the contributions of the British to the development of the state. Three mills of ten, fifty, and sixty stamps each, were still working night and day. In addition to the buildings for the mills there were blacksmith and machine shops, an electric light plant, pump houses, offices and dwellings for officers. All structures were protected by a complete system of water works and a fire apparatus that could be made available for the town of Marysville as well. The company had also lighted the town and the mine with electricity. The journal also added:

Some 420 men are employed in the works, and the treatment of the men by the company leaves nothing to be desired. A man who keeps sober,

pays his debts, and acts uprightly, will have a situation as long as the mine is operated by the present company.

We have heard the opinion expressed that the mine would be worked out in a few years. This is hardly probable in the lifetime of the present generation. . . . Those who wish to see a great mining property, ably and economically managed, should visit the Drumlummon mine.⁴⁶

Between 1883 and 1890, the total production of the Drum Lummon Mine had been \$8,478,772, equal to £1,751,812. The total profits had been £673,687. Dividends were £528,808. The difference was explained by amounts written off for depreciation and the purchase of adjoining locations. The assay value of gold through the years was \$5,075,244 and that of silver \$3,403,528. Average yield per ton was \$24.52. That this splendid record was coming to a close was indicated in April, 1891, when the directors announced that the ten-stamp mill would be abandoned to assist in reducing expenditures in Marysville by \$10,000 a year. Two months later the suspension of dividends was announced. During the first half of 1891, £16,500 had been paid out, bringing the total dividend figure to £537,057.⁴⁷

To add to its woes, The Montana Company, Limited, had been plagued by litigation with rival mining neighbors. As late as January, 1888, a party of enterprising speculators located a mining claim upon a triangle which had by chance been left vacant in the midst of the countless surveyed claims that covered the rest of the surface of the Drum Lummon Mountain. They named their claim "The Hopeful." A barren fissure, supposed to be that of the Drum Lummon lode, crossed their triangle for a few feet and the owners sunk an incline which had broken into the Drum Lummon Mine. William Clark of Butte

⁴⁴ Report of the Directors, The Montana Company, Ltd., June 30, 1891, printed in the *Mining World*. Copy in the Montana State Historical Library.

⁴⁵ Quoted in *Montana Mining Review*, August 27, 1890, February 4, 1891.

⁴⁶ *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, LI (May 2, 1891), 521; (June 13, 1891), 703; *Montana Mining Review*, April 22, 1891; Directors' Statement, June 30, 1891, *Mining World*.

⁴⁷ XLIX (June 21, 1890). The decision was published in full by the *Helena Weekly Herald*, June 12, 1890 and by the *Montana Mining Review*, June 11, 1890.

⁴⁸ *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, XLVIII (December 14, 1889), 529.

⁴⁹ May 19, 1893.



The town of Marysville, which owed its existence to the Drum Lummon and other gold and silver mines, is now virtually deserted. But it had a population of over 2,000 when this picture was taken in about 1909. The citizens of the town had a warm feeling for the Montana Company, Ltd., the British mining company which operated the Drum Lummon through the prosperous years, 1883 to 1896.

fame had become interested in the project and provided the funds for development of "The Hopeful." The Montana Company, Limited, filed a complaint alleging that their property was being invaded and requested an injunction from the courts. The court quickly held that a triangular location could not acquire extra-lateral lode rights, a viewpoint earlier held by the Supreme Court of the United States. A perpetual injunction was granted to The Montana Company, Limited, by the United States Circuit Court in Helena. New York's *Engineering and Mining Journal* thought the decision would be "discouraging to the class of enterprises to which the Hopeful claim belonged, and *bona fide* operators will not be sorry for that."⁴⁸

Far more serious was a protracted legal battle with the St. Louis Mining Company. The St. Louis lode claim lay just south of the Drum Lummon and the officers were convinced that The Montana Company, Limited, was extracting their ore and demanded a survey. The British enterprise, as defendants, objected on the grounds that it

wished to maintain the secrecy of its operations. Montanans immediately took sides in the conflict. The St. Louis Company finally requested the courts to order the survey. The Supreme Court of Montana confirmed the decision of the District Court granting the survey. New York journals announced that the attorneys of The Montana Company, Limited, would appeal to the United States Supreme Court and that it would be some time before the case could be settled.⁴⁹

While this case was pending before the highest court, William and Charles Mayger, of Helena, largest shareholders in the St. Louis Mining Company began another suit charging trespass and asking \$2,000,000 in damages. As this second suit was argued before the court in Helena, large crowds jammed the courtroom. The *Marysville Mountaineer* noted, "The verdict of the jury will be awaited with great anxiety by the parties interested in the now celebrated case as well as many outsiders, as points are involved in the case of far reaching importance to mining men and those interested in the mining industries."⁵⁰

Soon the *Mountaineer* announced in headlines, "VERDICT!"

THE MONTANA COMPANY VICTORIOUS!
THE GREAT MINING SUIT
IS DECIDED BY A JURY!
FOREIGN COMPANIES
WILL GET JUSTICE IN MONTANA!
JOY IN MARYSVILLE OVER THE RESULT—
THE BAND PLAYS, FIREWORKS BURN
AND HILARITY PREVAILS.

It would be idle to say that the sentiments of our people were not strongly in favor of the Montana Co. from the start to finish.

When the news of the verdict was received in Marysville, there was a scene of wild rejoicing. The Marysville Brass Band was at once brought out and when the special train arrived in the station and General Manager R. T. Bayliss and Frederick Crowthers, of Liverpool, Eng., one of the directors of the Montana Company alighted they were greeted by loud cheers from the assembled crowd and the band struck up a lively air.

From this time on till midnight cheers, music, fireworks and canonading rent the air and cigars and drinkables were as free as water.

Everyone praised Manager Bayliss for the gallant fight he had made and were more than happy over the victory achieved. . . .

The result of this trial will show to foreign capitalists that no prejudice exists against them in Montana courts and will have a further tendency toward showing them that foreign investments in Montana mining property are as well protected by our courts as investments at home would be by English courts of law.

The Montana Company will now in all probability increase its working force and again enter upon an era of prosperity such as it enjoyed in years passed, when it was one of the greatest dividend-payers in the country.⁵¹

Although the St. Louis Company did not appeal this decision of the Montana courts, a new suit was instituted in the same month claiming an additional violation of property by The Montana Company, Limited. Ten thousand dollars damage was requested. The St. Louis company secured an injunction in the United States court to prevent the Montana Company working the ground in dispute, but the British obtained a reciprocal injunction from the same judge.⁵² At the annual London meeting of The Montana Company, Limited, shareholders were told that "The directors regret that the St. Louis Company is still har-

assing the Montana Company with further litigation, but the new complaint if brought to trial will probably end the same way."⁵³ The expensive legal war continued with no end in sight.

Between 1891 and 1895 the Drum Lummon remained on the list of non-dividend paying mines. The editor of the *Montana Mining Review* chided the shareholders for having been so greedy and unwilling to face the fact that they had killed "the goose that lays the golden egg" by grasping the richest returns possible in 1886-1887 without building an adequate reserve fund.⁵⁴

Life in Marysville continued to improve. The town was connected with the outside world by railroad in 1888, the Northern Pacific Railroad having built a branch line into the mining camp. One journalist reported, "It is about as heavy a grade and the most crooked piece of road I have ever travelled over. However, they have a fair service over it and a great improvement over the old wagon road from Helena." The appearance of the town was vastly different in 1888 than it had been a year earlier. Many new houses had been built, and a better class of public buildings, showing a more permanent feeling among the residents.⁵⁵ By 1892, the town had 2,200 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom were engaged in the mining industry. There were approximately 350 mines or prospects within a radius of four miles of the camp, and the town's future appeared secure no matter what the fortunes of the British company.⁵⁶

During 1893 The Montana Company, Limited, changed its name to the Montana Mining Company, Limited, but there were no adjustments in the capital account. The heavy depreciation in the value of silver was causing suffering and widespread disturbance to all mining enterprises in the United States.

⁵¹ May 7, 1892, p. 290.

⁵² *Mining and Scientific Press*, LVI (April 14, 1888), 230.

⁵³ *Montana Mining Review*, July 30, 1892, p. 390.

⁵⁴ *Mining World*, December 2, 1893; *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, LVI (December 23, 1893), 643-644.

⁵⁵ *Mining World*, November 3, 1894. For a discussion of the details of company operation during 1893 and 1894, see *Montana Mining Area* (Helena), June 28, 1894, pp. 4-5; *Marysville Gazette*, June 6, 1894; *Marysville Mountaineer*, November 8, 1894.

⁵¹ June 1, 1893.

⁵² *Marysville Mountaineer*, June 22, September 7, and October 12, 1893.

⁵³ *Mining World*, December 2, 1893; *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, LVI (December 23, 1893), 643-644.

The Montana Mining Company, Limited, was unable to realize anything on its concentrates because the smelters refused to submit a bid. The company lost £20,000 in the first half of the year.⁵⁷ However, a new lode known as the Castletown appeared promising. Frederick P. Crowther, a director for many years, spoke for the Board:

We have worked when to some it may have seemed like hoping against hope; we have worked, when most men would have dropped their tools and quit to seek fresh fields of labour; we have struggled against fire that caused the closing down of our main workings, for many long and weary months; against floods that have destroyed our tailing dams; against lawsuits involving expenditure of money and time, that were vital in the interests involved, carried on in a manner and spirit that was hard to endure; and yet through it all we have met you time after time, encouraging you to keep up your courage, strong in the hope that, fortunately for you and ourselves, nothing could quench.⁵⁸

During 1895 dividends amounting to £33,000 were paid, bringing the total since 1883 to £570,057. However, the 60-stamp mill erected specially for the treatment of low grade ores had been shut down in February and remained closed for two months until more ore had been accumulated.⁵⁹ Small quarterly dividends, paid in 1896, amounted to £20,000. In October 1896, however, rumors circulated that the lead of ore had gradually pinched out and that the Drum Lummon would be closed down. The *Western Mining World* revealed that "Ever since Manager Bayliss left for London about a month ago it has been whispered that everything was not right with the big property. However, nothing definite can be learned as to the exact condition of the mine."⁶⁰

After a protracted discussion at the annual meeting, the shareholders accepted the recommendation of the directors that the mills be shut down and that the work of the company be confined to exploration and development until such time as a sufficient quantity of ore justified re-starting. One Montana mining journal announced:

Work was suspended yesterday in the 50-stamp mill and the 60-stamp mill belonging to the [Montana] company will close down today. The shut

down will throw fifty men out of employment. It was not unexpected, for the order came from the London office of the company some time ago to close as soon as the ore in sight had been stoped out. It is understood that several veins of the mine have been exhausted. About seventy-five men will be kept on the pay roll, the force being employed to thoroughly inspect the property. If new ore bodies are uncovered, as hoped, the mills will begin crushing ore again. A few months ago the company was employing 300 men.⁶¹

News of the closing down of the most famous mine in Montana received widespread publicity.⁶² Within a month, the £2 shares that had risen as high as £10 in the market of 1887 had fallen to an all-time low of 2s.6d. In desperation the Montana Mining Company, Limited, decided to construct a cyanide plant to re-work the million-ton tailings dump built up through the years. The *Western Mining World* noted, "When the cyanide plant now building is completed the shareholders of the Drum Lummon will again be in clover, and no doubt the dividends will equal those of the past."⁶³ Bayliss submitted his resignation as manager in 1897 to accept a more lucrative position with the Exploration Company of London, and Alexander Burrell, the assistant manager, was placed in charge.

In July, 1897, operations were in full swing again. Both mills were working, and 350 men were on the payroll of the company. "A new era of prosperity seems to have opened for the Montana Mining Company," noted a local journalist. "While the noisy stamps at Marysville are grinding out golden dividends for the distant English shareholders, down the creek a few miles below the camp a less boisterous but as certain revenue producer is quietly making money for the enterprising capitalists who invested ducats in the Drum Lummon lode."⁶⁴ The cyanide plant was one of the largest in the United States. It was estimated that there was sufficient tailings to keep it running for ten years.

⁵⁷ *Montana Mining and Market Reporter*, March 9, 1895, p. 104; *Montana Mining Area*, November 19, 1895, p. 4.

⁵⁸ October 10, 1896, p. 178.

⁵⁹ *Western Mining World* (Butte), October 31, 1896, p. 220.

⁶⁰ *Mining and Scientific Press*, LXIII (October 17, 1896), 315; (November 7, 1896), 375.

⁶¹ April 10, 1897, p. 214.

⁶² *Western Mining World*, July 17, 1897, p. 386.

This optimism was unfounded for the anticipated profits at the cyanide plant were not realized. Although the average yield was \$2.31 a ton, 92% of the value from gold and 8% from silver, the cost of operations was \$1.67 a ton, leaving only sixty-four cents profit a ton.⁶⁵ Meanwhile, cash reserves had been slowly building up and a dividend of 3d. was distributed in May, 1898, and in April, 1899, 6d. was paid, amounting to another £20,000. Shareholders had now obtained a return of £610,057 on their £660,000 investment.⁶⁶ R. T. Bayliss withdrew from the Board of Directors in 1899 because of his growing responsibilities with the Exploration Company of London, but agreed to remain on as consulting engineer.⁶⁷

Between 1898 and 1891, the directors of the Montana Company had sought a suitable property elsewhere in western America to which they could transfer their interest. Few "promising claims" stood the test of examination, but finally it was agreed to purchase the Lucky Girl group, near Edgemont, Nevada, and concentrate on its development. The declining situation of the company made it necessary to write off 17s. a share, so authorized capital was reduced to £99,000 in 3d. shares.⁶⁸

Through the years the St. Louis Mining and Milling Company never gave up its legal battle with the Montana Company, Ltd. In 1899, the United States Supreme Court compelled the St. Louis Company to convey to the British all the disputed area.⁶⁹ A new suit was instituted and the local courts, including the Supreme Court of Montana, awarded the St. Louis Company damages for ore taken from the acreage in question to the amount of \$195,000. In 1906, the United States Supreme Court was compelled to reaffirm its position taken seven years earlier. Not only was the verdict for damages set aside, but for the first time in thirteen years all injunctions restraining the Montana Mining Company, Ltd., from working its property, were destroyed.⁷⁰ This prolonged legal battle had proved costly

and no dividends had been paid since 1899. Operations in Nevada were suspended in November, 1908.⁷¹

The St. Louis Mining Company made a new attempt to get an injunction against the Montana people within a year following the decision of the highest court in the United States. The British, tired of the prolonged harassment, decided to sell their holdings in Montana rather than meet the expenses of a new legal fight. In 1910 the Drum Lummon passed into the hands of the St. Louis Milling and Mining Company.⁷²

After almost thirty years of effort, the British could point with pride to the history of The Montana Company, Ltd. The original shareholders had waged a continuous struggle to finally succeed in regaining their investment. Any profits made had gone not to the entrepreneurs but to the stock speculators who had bought shares in times of adversity and sold in a period of prosperity. However, the Montana Company, Ltd., perhaps second only to the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, had become a symbol of the mining greatness of the Northwest. Few mining companies had been so well managed in the 1880's and 1890's, particularly among those being directed by British owners from London. The latest engineering devices had been installed, the company was in the forefront of experimentation not only in technology but in labor relations. Its miners never struck in the history of the company.

The town of Marysville owed its existence and development to the continuous investment of the British in public works and indirectly through the maintenance of a large payroll. Even so, Marysville residents did not consider the British company a patron but a friend and staunchly defended it against its enemies and detractors.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, December 3, 1898, p. 268.

⁶⁶ Skinner, *Stock Exchange Year-Book for 1900*, p. 753.

⁶⁷ *Mining World*, October 28, 1899.

⁶⁸ Skinner, *Stock Exchange Year-Book for 1905*, p. 1361.

⁶⁹ *Mining World*, April 29 and October 28, 1899.

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, June 30, 1906 and May 11, 1907.

⁷¹ Skinner, *Stock Exchange Year-Book for 1910*, pp. 1582-1583.

⁷² Charles W. Goodale, "The Drumlummon Mine, Marysville, Montana," *The American Institute of Mining Engineers, Bulletin* 92, August, 1914.



*Fabulous
Frontiersman:
JIM
BOWIE*

by J. Frank Dobie

Most school kids know that this man and his knife had some import in the winning of the West; but few even learned adults remember that this was one of the most adventuresome, fearless, and complex characters that the West produced.

JAMES BOWIE had the flavor, the mettle, the daring in gesture and deed, and the generosity of spirit that make certain actors on the stage of life go beyond themselves into other selves and thus do more and say more than they actually said or did. People used to name their horses, their oxen, their hounds after Bowie. That is fame. Bowie's impact on human imagination, which is to say on social history, was far stronger than on political or military history.¹ His name is kept green on three counts, each enlarged by legend. He is remembered for the knife bearing his name; before he died and then on for decades he was in popular belief the supreme knife wielder of the old Southwest. He is remembered for a search, actually futile, for the Lost San Saba Mine that transmuted it into the Lost Bowie Mine, which still lures men on. Finally, his name remains indelibly linked with the fall of the Alamo. Three other names are so linked, but more—many more—stories sprang up on how Bowie died than on the ends met by Travis, Crockett, and Bonham combined.

Born in Logan County, Kentucky, in 1796,² of strong-bodied, strong-minded upper class stock, James Bowie was the eighth of ten children, four of whom died young. His father, Rezin Bowie, a Highland Scot by descent, was a planter.

His mother, of keen intellect, piety, and a fair education, read to her children. The Bowies were married in Georgia in 1782, moved to Tennessee, where they lived six or seven years, and then to Kentucky; they tarried in the province

of Missouri two years before settling down in Rapides Parish, Louisiana, in 1802. Here turbulent men were made more turbulent by the confusion of land claims immediately following the Louisiana Purchase. In defending his land against a gang of squatters, Rezin Bowie killed one of them. He was arrested, charged with manslaughter, and jailed. Mrs. Bowie, accompanied by a slave, rode on horseback to the jail, demanded entrance, entered, and in a few minutes came out with her husband, each armed with a brace of pistols. While the jailer retreated, they rode away. Years later when Mrs. Bowie was told that her son had been killed by Mexicans in the Alamo, she calmly remarked, "I'll wager no wounds were found in his back."³

At eighteen Jim Bowie cleared a small tract of land for himself on Bayou Boeuf, in Rapides Parish. He may have farmed a little, but his chief income was from lumber that he sawed and barged down to New Orleans. At this time he was making a name for himself as a roper and tamer of wild horses, as a rider of alligators,⁴ and as a hunter of wild cattle and other game. Land was going up. He sold his and was briefly associated with James Long's filibustering expedition into Texas.⁵

³ The primary sources on Bowie's early life are two sketches by his brothers. That by John J. is more extensive and detailed. It was contributed by "Dr. Kilpatrick, of Trinity, Louisiana," who evidently rephrased it somewhat, to *De Bow's Review* (New Orleans), October, 1852, pp. 378-382. Rezin P. Bowie's letter, dated from Iberville, Louisiana, August 24, 1838, reprinted from the *Planters' Advocate*, appeared in *Niles' National Register* (Washington, D. C.), V, September, 1838-March, 1839, p. 70. Both are fully quoted, with unclear references, by Raymond W. Thorn, in *Bowie Knife* (Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1948). This work, though lacking in orderly arrangement of materials, assembles much scattered and recondite material bearing on the Bowie knife.

Walter Worthington Bowie, *The Bowies and Their Kindred: A Genealogical and Biographical History* (Washington, D. C., 1899), is good on ancestry and life of the Bowies in Louisiana. A long sketch of Bowie by John Henry Brown (a Texan) in *The Encyclopedia of the New West* (Marshall, Texas, 1881), 433-438, is laudatory in places and therefore false to reality, but contributes to a comprehension of the man.

Bowie's part in the Texas Revolution is in virtually all histories of Texas, though his drunken conduct at the Alamo and quarrels with Travis are generally omitted. The best assemblage of facts about the man in recent times is by Amelia Williams, in "A Critical Study of the Siege of the Alamo," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XXXVI and XXXVII. Other sources include: Edward Cav Rohrbough, *James Bowie and the Bowie Knife in Fact and Fancy* (Master's thesis, University of Texas, 1938); Edward S. Sears, "The Low Down on Jim Bowie," *Texas Folklore Society Publications*, No. XIX, 1944; *W. W. Fontaine Papers*, Archives of the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center, University of Texas; C. L. Douglas, *James Bowie, The Life of a Bravo* (Dallas, 1944), is semi-fiction but contains valid quotations. The best novel on Bowie is Paul I. Wellman, *The Iron Mistress* (Garden City, N. Y., 1951).

About this time, 1819, Jim Bowie and his brothers Rezin P. and John J. went to buying Africans from the pirate Jean Lafitte on Galveston Island at a dollar a pound, \$140 per head on the average, and smuggling them into Louisiana. On one drive through the woods of East Texas thirty blacks escaped. Jim Bowie trailed them to the Colorado River without recovering them. The Louisiana law gave any informer on smuggled slaves half of what they brought at public auction. The Bowies would inform on themselves and then at the sale by customs officers buy the blacks they had delivered, in effect paying only half price. Subsequently their title was legal and they were free to sell the slaves anywhere. The average price on the Mississippi was \$1,000 per slave.⁶

If—a very iffy if—Jim Bowie excelled in knife throwing and juggling as well as in knife-wielding, he must have reached his climax at this period of operations. Knife-juggling was mainly a tent-show stunt. J. O. Dyer, who habitually made slight distinction between romance and history, said that "Big Jim" Bowie in conveying smuggled slaves armed himself with three or four knives so that he could transfix any captive who tried to break away. Jerking a knife out was quicker than reloading a horse pistol at the muzzle. Both Jim and Rezin P., Dyer said, could keep several knives moving in the air at the same time without allowing one to touch the ground. "At twenty paces either could send a knife clean through a small wooden target."⁷

⁴ John J. Bowie gives this date and place and it is confirmed by good evidence, though the birth dates assigned by various writers are as divergent as accounts of his death.

⁵ Walter Worthington Bowie, *The Bowies and Their Kindred*, 261-262.

⁶ In August, 1836, the writer asked E. A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island, La., who wrote an excellent book on alligators, conserved birds, and manufactured tabasco sauce, what he thought of the claim that Jim Bowie rode alligators. He replied: "I don't see why he shouldn't have ridden them. I used to ride them. The trick was to get on one's back, at the same time grasping his upper jaw firmly while gouging thumbs into his eyes. He couldn't see to do much and the leverage on his jaw would keep him from ducking under the water with the rider."

⁷ There are no details pertaining to Bowie's part in Long's Expedition. Among early writers who say that he was with it, is William Bollaert ("W.B."), "Life of Jean Lafitte," *Littell's Living Age*, XXXII, 441. See also Kilpatrick, "Early Life in the Southwest—The Bowies," *De Bow's Review*, October, 1852, pp. 378-382.



This statue of James Bowie, armed with rifle and knife, is located in the front of the Public Library building in Texarkana, Tex. The legend reads: "James Bowie, hero of the Alamo. 'They never fail who die in a just cause.' Love of adventure brought the young South Carolinian to Texas with James Long in 1819. Romance made of him a Mexican citizen and won for him in San Antonio a Spanish bride, Ursula Veramendi." Texarkana Chamber of Commerce photo.

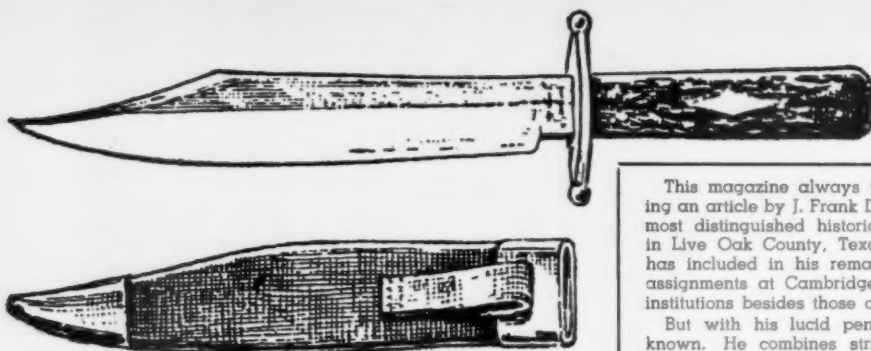
According to John J. Bowie, he and his brothers cleared \$65,000 on slave-smuggling—"and soon spent all our earnings." The losses were not immediate. James and Rezin P., markedly devoted to each other, invested in Louisiana lands and developed, among other enterprises, a fine plantation named Arcadia⁶ on Bayou Lafourche, installing the first steam plant for grinding sugar cane in that part of the country. Rezin P., later elected three times to the Louisiana legislature, managed the business. Jim never settled down anywhere, but for several years spent much of his time in New Orleans, where he got high enough in society to capture the imagination of Edwin Forrest, then rising on the American stage, and to have his portrait painted—not, as descendants of the Bowie family claimed, by Benjamin West, who died in London in 1820 without having been in America for many years.

John J. Bowie shifted his operations to Arkansas and Mississippi. He named his Arkansas plantation Bowie, and in time went to the Arkansas legislature. About 1826 James joined him in what looked like a bonanza. This business entails a tedious explanation. By 1820 the federal courts had confirmed nearly all legitimate land titles over the vast Louisiana Territory. Then such a horde of claimants began clamoring for recognition of titles in Arkansas that Congress authorized the Superior Courts of the territories to settle new claims. In December, 1827, the Superior Court of

⁶ The best authority on slave-smuggling by the Bowie brothers is John J. Bowie, as cited. Homer S. Thrall says in his *Pictorial History of Texas* (St. Louis, 1878), 129, that the Bowies lost ninety blacks. See Eugene C. Barker, "The African Slave Trade in Texas," *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, VI, 145-158.

⁷ J. O. Dyer, "A Truer Story of the Bowie Knife," *Galveston News*, March 21, 1920.

⁸ Kilpatrick, "Early Life in the Southwest—The Bowies," *De Bow's Review*, October, 1852, pp. 378-382; Walter Worthington Bowie, *The Bowies and Their Kindred*; W. W. Fontaine Papers (MS., Archives, University of Texas Library).



A good example of a Bowie Knife. The blade is 9 inches, the hilt 6. This scabbard was less ornate than many. The knife is almost identical to the cover illustration on Mr. Dobie's privately printed Christmas, 1957, monograph.

Arkansas was confronted with 131 claims by individuals who had purchased them from John J. Bowie, James Bowie, or some other speculator. Most of the claims, each for 400 arpents of land (less than 500 acres), were based on alleged grants to one Bernardo Sampeyreac by the Spanish governor of Louisiana in 1789. The United States District Attorney saw fraud and asked for time in which to go deeper into the Spanish language, laws, and records. The court was bullied into confirming the claims.

Within a few weeks John J. Bowie had prepared twenty-four more grants of the kind, and then "with other parties" thirty more, and was selling them like hot cakes. Whether James was one of the "parties" is not known. The Attorney General in Washington was outraged at the Arkansas decision and demanded a review of the cases. On February 7, 1831, the Superior Court of Arkansas Territory reversed its decrees. It had clear proof that witnesses for the claimants in the first trial had been bribed, that Sampeyreac was a fictitious name, that the grants were forgeries, and that sales by the Bowies and other speculators were fraudulent. On appeal of a type case, the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1833, confirmed the opinion of fraud and forgery. Not an acre of ground had actually been conveyed to any "innocent" purchaser from the Bowies and fellow operators in Spanish grants.⁹ Meantime James Bowie had G.T.T. (Gone to Texas) and was passing as a rich man.

This magazine always takes pride in publishing an article by J. Frank Dobie, one of the West's most distinguished historians. Born on a ranch in Live Oak County, Texas, in 1888, Mr. Dobie has included in his remarkable career teaching assignments at Cambridge University and other institutions besides those of his native state.

But with his lucid pen he has become best known. He combines strict scholarship with a readable and human style. These qualities are evident in this piece on the fabulous Jim Bowie.

Beating the government out of land was not at this time—and later—regarded as more felonious than getting around it on income taxes now is. Selling a forged title might be something else, but plenty of the buyers were collusive. In 1836 Rezin P. Bowie went to Havana, Cuba, and purchased—on credit—from the widow of the last surveyor-general of Louisiana under the Spanish government a large quantity of land titles and other documents. He tried, without success, to peddle them out; after his death, in 1841, the widow retrieved what papers had not been taken off.

Several years before the land cases were settled by court, Bowie had an experience that gave him more prominence than any other of his life with the possible exception of dying. For years he made Alexandria, on Red River, business headquarters. One of the times while he was pressed for money, he learned that Norris Wright, sheriff of Rapides Parish and director in the bank from which Bowie borrowed, had thwarted a loan of money for which he was asking. There was already bad blood between the two over political differences. Many prominent citizens of the Old South were in constant ferment over politics—most of the not-prominent ones not voting. One day when Wright and Bowie met on the

⁹ United States vs. Sampeyreac, et al., in Book 27, *The Federal Cases* (Case No. 16, 216a), 932-946; Bernardo Sampeyreac and Joseph Stewart vs. United States, in Richard Peters, Jr., *Reports of Cases Argued and Adjudged in the Supreme Court, 1828-1842* (17 vols: Philadelphia, 1828-1842), VII, 222-242. See also Josiah J. Shinn, *Pioneers and Makers of Arkansas* (Little Rock, 1908), 87-93; Frederick W. Cron, *Bowie Land Frauds in Arkansas* (MS., in possession of J. Frank Dobie). A typescript copy of Cron's manuscript, which cites authorities on Rezin P. Bowie's belated entrance into Arkansas land titles, has been placed in the Archives of the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center, at the University of Texas.

street, Wright fired a pistol at him, but the bullet was checked by a silver dollar in Bowie's vest pocket. Bowie's pistol snapped and he would have killed Wright with his hands if men had not withheld him. The two parted expecting to meet another day.

That day was September 19, 1827. The place was a sandbar, a kind of peninsula noted as a dueling place, on the west bank of the Mississippi River across from Natchez. Bowie was one of four seconds, plus a surgeon, on the side of a principal in a duel. There were six men, likewise including a surgeon, on the other side. Bowie had told his brother Rezin of the trouble with Norris Wright and of his pistol's snapping, whereupon Rezin had given him a knife made by his blacksmith, saying, "Here Jim, take old Bowie. She never misses fire."

The Sandbar Duel turned into a general fight in which two men were killed and two badly wounded. Bowie had emptied his pistol and was down, shot in four places and cut in five. Norris Wright had emptied two dueling pistols. Without taking time to reload, he rushed against Bowie with a cane sword. Bowie, a ball in one hip, rose to standing position and stabbed the knife into his enemy, "twisting it to cut his heart strings."¹⁰

The fame of the Bowie knife was made, and thenceforth for many years Bowie's reputation spread—out of proportion to established facts—as a knife man. A single example of the reputation must suffice here. Gideon Lincecum (1793-1873) of Mississippi and Texas, naturalist, medicine man, fiddler, outspoken skeptic, was the grandson of Miriam Bowie, grandaunt of James



In 1827 Jim Bowie established his fame as a knife man when he evaded Norris Wright's cane sword and killed him with "Old Bowie". This rare Hazelton drawing appeared in *Adventure* magazine, June 15, 1935.

Bowie. In a delectable autobiography, written about 1871 and published by the Mississippi Historical Society in 1904, Lincecum refers to his kinsman as "the celebrated desperado who originated the Bowie knife."

When Bowie aged thirty-two, came to Texas in 1828, he found that reputation of his knife had preceded him. He stood six feet tall and was all muscle. He was pleasing in looks, speech, and manner to both men and women, though it is said that he seldom smiled. Letters and other writings by him and Rezin P. Bowie are in clear, sinewy English. After he had been in Texas awhile, he spoke Spanish as well as French. He was not a ruffian, though he could be rough. He comprehended the cutthroats and gamblers of Natchez-under-the-hill while he dined in patrician houses on the hill or sat in the New Orleans theater. He was at home with bellowing alligators in the marshes, with mustangs and mustangers on the prairies, and with lawyers who "would circumvent God." In Texas he fought Indians and Mexicans. He could pass from frontiersmanship to urbanity, moving as a well-bred gentleman in the best society of New Orleans, Natchez, San Antonio, and Saltillo. He was convivial and loved music. He was impetuous and, concomitantly, generous. He was ambitious and scheming, but seems to have been more eager in the game of gaining than for gain itself. He played cards for money, and considering the facts, especially the debts, of his plunging career, one must deduce that he at times lost heavily.

¹⁰ A score or so of accounts of the so-called Sandbar Duel have been published. One in the Fontaine Papers, copied from the *Concordia Intelligencer* of March, 1860, seems to be reliable. The fight was in Concordia Parish of Louisiana. G. P. Whittington, "A History of Ranides Parish, Louisiana," *Louisiana Historical Quarterly*, XVI, 628-634, is good on details. So is Robert Dabney Calhoun, "A History of Concordia Parish," *Louisiana Historical Quarterly*, XV, 638-643. This contains a statement made in 1880 by Dr. Maddox, one of the participants, and a letter from Colonel Robert A. Crain, another participant, dated October 3, 1827, soon after the fight. Both of these accounts specify Bowie's big knife. Meigs O. Frost, "Bowie and His Big Knife," *Adventure*, June 15, 1935, pp. 110-116, explains particularly well the hostility between Bowie and Norris Wright. On October 19, 1827, exactly one month after the duel, The Ariel (Natchez) published statements from several participants.

Unlike most emigrants from the States, Bowie rode past the Texian settlements along the Brazos River until he reached San Antonio—in “the Spanish country.” In June he was baptized into the Roman Catholic church. His sponsors were Don Juan Martin de Veramendi and Dona Marie Josefa Navarro de Veramendi, who had united by their marriage the chief families of Spanish Texas and were the parents of lovely Ursula. Don Juan Martin was about to become vice-governor of Texas. Bowie looked towards Ursula, looked over the land situation, and looked for leads to Spanish silver.¹¹ He rode back east, but early in 1830 was in Texas again.

On February 13 he, as a single man, applied at Nacogdoches for one-fourth league of land on Galveston Island, stating that he had 109 “dependents” (interpreted as slaves). This could hardly have been a fact. He did not wait long enough to learn that the land he applied for had already been granted. He rode on to San Antonio and then, in company with Governor Veramendi and family, down into Mexico. On September 30, the Coahuila and Texas legislature at Saltillo passed an act making him a Mexican citizen, with the understanding that he would finance a textile mill to be built in Saltillo. Full citizenship gave him the right to buy up to eleven leagues of public land—at from \$100 to \$250 per league—a right withheld from colonists. A league contains 4,428.4 acres. According to Samuel M. Williams, who was for years Austin’s trusted secretary but who turned land speculator himself, Bowie returned to Texas with titles—or options on titles—for fifteen or sixteen eleven-league grants that he had induced Mexican citizens to apply for and turn over to him.¹² No researcher has found in the General Land Office of Texas records of transfer of these lands by Bowie. Some of the options, worthless, were in Bowie’s papers when they were inventoried the year after he died.

¹¹ Baptismal records of San Fernando Church, San Antonio. Amelia Williams, without citing authority, says that in 1828 Bowie “spent several months of fruitless search” for legendary silver mines.

On April 22, 1831, preliminary to marriage, Bowie signed at San Antonio a dowry contract, in the nature of a bond, drawn up as tight as Spanish legalism could make it. Herein he bound himself to pay to his wife within two years after marriage \$15,000 either in money or property to that value. In guarantee of his ability to pay he made a manifest of his chief assets as follows: 60,000 arpents (roughly acres) of land in Arkansas valued at \$30,000; 15,000 arpents of land in Louisiana valued at \$75,000; notes payable at Natchez, Mississippi, \$97,800; in the hands of Angus McNeill (who will appear later) for the purchase of textile machinery in Boston, \$20,000, making a total of \$222,000—besides “various chattels, lands and contracts entered into in this country which for the present cannot be valued.”¹³ This was a vast fortune for anybody in Texas at the time. In his manifest Bowie failed to mention that titles to land he claimed in Arkansas were forged and that notes on fraudulent sales are not collectible.

On April 25, James Bowie and Maria Ursula de Veramendi were married in San Fernando Church at San Antonio, where record of the marriage is preserved. She was nineteen and he was thirty-five, though he gave his age as thirty. As a married man he received a headright league, and seems to have received a certificate for a labor (177 acres) that was not patented until long after his death.

Following the marriage he made a note to Ursula’s grandmother for \$750, borrowed \$1,879 from his father-in-law, and took his bride on a honeymoon trip

¹² Records in the General Land Office of Texas show Bowie’s applications for lands and grants to him. N. P. N. Gammel (comp.), *Laws of Texas* (10 vols.; Austin, 1898), I, 277, records Decree No. 159, October 5, 1830, whereby the Congress of the State of Coahuila and Texas granted citizenship to Bowie “on the supposition that he can establish a cotton and woolen mill, which he offers to place in the state.” On speculators, including Bowie, and speculation in Texas lands, see Eugene C. Barker, “Land Speculation as a Cause of the Texas Revolution,” *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, X, 76-95. Amelia Williams, “A Critical Study of the Siege of the Alamo,” *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XXXVII, 98-99, cites additional references on Bowie’s land activities.

¹³ Bowie’s dowry contract was in the records of the Probate Court of Bexar County, at San Antonio, but is now in the land records kept by the County Clerk. The writer used a certified translation of it made by R. S. Bugnor in 1832.

to New Orleans and Natchez.¹⁴ In November he and Rezin P. Bowie, with seven other Americans and two servants, set out from San Antonio for the fabled Spanish mine on the San Saba River. The expedition was halted only a few miles from the abandoned San Saba Mission by perhaps the most desperate Indian fight recorded in Texas history. Each of the Bowie brothers wrote an account of it, Rezin's much the more detailed and vivid.¹⁵ Each implied in his narrative that he was leader.

One hundred and sixty-four Tawakoni, Waco, and Caddo warriors surrounded the Bowie men, who had camped for defense in a thicket near water. A number of the Indians had rifles. At one time grass fires they started drove the Americans to such desperation that they resolved to huddle back to back, fire their last shots and then "fight with knives as long as a single man was left alive." But they came through the fire and used knives and sticks to dig up dirt to add to rocks for fortification. After thirteen hours of siege, there were about forty dead and thirty wounded Indians, against one dead and three wounded white men.

Back in San Antonio, James Bowie was "granted permission" to raise an expedition against the Tawakoni Indians. He estimated that they had two thousand horses worth capturing. A rumor spread that the object of the expedition was to "further the views of speculators in mines." A hot advertisement against the rumor was published;¹⁶ if the expedition was made, notice of it has eluded this searcher.



Rezin P. Bowie, brother and close partner in some profitable business ventures, was later elected to the Louisiana legislature.

Bowie kept on riding, riding, riding, among the Indians, against the Indians, down into Mexico, across the settled parts of Texas, back into Louisiana, up into Mississippi. He and Ursula lived with her parents in the Veramendi house, later called "palace." Here, as witnesses in a lawsuit over the league of land on the Navidad River testified a third of a century later,¹⁷ Bowie was "treated as a son and furnished with money and supplies without limit," while, "without regular occupation," he hunted for "mines and mountains of gold or silver."¹⁸ When he made trips east, he lived "like a man who had plenty of money. It was furnished by Governor Veramendi."

¹⁶ *Texas Gazette*, January 10, 1832. The communication against rumor-mongers is not signed but bears all the marks of having been communicated by either James or Rezin P. Bowie. Official "permission" for the expedition should be somewhere in official papers, but this newspaper announcement of it is all the writer has seen.

¹⁷ For details on how Bowie lived with the Veramendis in San Antonio see testimony in the case of *M. A. Veramendi, et al., vs. W. J. Hutchins*. The full original record of the case tried in Colorado County is in the vaults of the Supreme Court of Texas, No. M-7968. Digests are in *Cases Argued and Decided in the Supreme Court of the State of Texas*, XLVIII, 531-554, and LVI, 414-422.

¹⁸ "Many years" before 1900, A. J. Sowell discovered, between the Dry Frio and the Frio rivers, a shaft and near it a rough circle of rocks that looked to have been made for fortification. He connected the shaft and rocks with an account that his father heard Bowie give in Gonzales about 1831. Bowie said that "while prospecting for gold and silver in the mountains west of San Antonio he sunk a shaft where there were indications of silver. He had about thirty men with him, and, anticipating attacks from Indians, they fortified their camp by piling up large rocks," about a hundred yards from a spring of water. A. J. Sowell, *Early Settlers and Indian Fighters of Southwest Texas* (Austin, 1900), 405-408.

¹⁴ In examining the records of the Probate Court at San Antonio I did not find record of these two notes, but Edward S. Sears, "The Lown Down on Jim Bowie," *Texas Folklore Society Publications*, No. XIX, emphasizes them. I did find all the other court material adduced by Sears. Record of the Bowie notes could easily have been misplaced or stolen; further search might locate it. The writer is confident that Sears saw it.

¹⁵ Rezin P. Bowie's account of the fight is in Mary Austin Holley, *Texas* (Lexington, Kentucky, 1836), 161-173; James Bowie's account is in J. C. F. Kyger, *Texas Gems* (Denison, Texas, 1885), 130-134, and in John Henry Brown, *History of Texas* (2 vols.; St. Louis, 1892), I, 170-175. James Bowie's account is in the form of an official report; the original should be in the Bexar Archives. In the first chapter of the writer's *Coronado's Children* will be found a full treatment of the Lost San Saba Mine legend, including Bowie's hunt for the silver.

He was on an extended trip east when, between September 5 and 8, 1833, his wife, their two infants, her father and her mother all died from cholera, at Monclova, where the Veramendis had a summer home. Bowie was not aware of the catastrophe when he executed his will at Natchez, on October 21 following.¹⁹ In it he designated as his sole heirs Rezin P. Bowie and their sister Martha Bowie Sterrett and her husband; his wife, he explained, had already been provided for. He stipulated that \$4,000 be restored to a friend who had advanced him that amount of money to invest in lands and \$4,000 more to another friend who had secured a loan to him for that amount. He must have believed or hoped—with him somewhat synonymous—that his land deals would pay off, for he stipulated that a niece and nephew be educated out of the proceeds of his estate. He was lying ill at the home of Angus McNeill in Mississippi when word of the deaths in his family reached him.²⁰ The deaths made, “in the ascending order,” Ursula’s grandmother, a Navarro, inheritor of the whole Veramendi estate. She died in 1837, leaving other Navarros to inherit and to make claims against the Bowie estate.²¹

The sentimental have it that after the death of his wife and babies Bowie ceased to joy in life and that grief drove him into being “dead drunk” at San Felipe de Austin while a provisional government for Texas was being formulated, and to prolonged drunkenness with his partisans at San Antonio, where he turned all military prisoners loose

and banged the doors of the town calaboose open.²² He had never been a total abstainer. Whatever his feelings—and there can be no doubt that he suffered grief—he was on the go as usual in 1834; now in New Orleans, now at San Antonio, now down in Mexico. He sided with the Monclova faction against the Saltillo faction in a struggle for supremacy in the state government and “did everything in his power to bring on a battle.”²³ What interest he had in the textile mill at Saltillo is unknown; whatever it was, he lost it. Claiming property “placed in the hands of his late wife,” Bowie gave Oliver Jones, representative in the Coahuila and Texas legislature, power-of-attorney to recover it from the Veramendi estate.²⁴ There is no evidence that Oliver Jones recovered anything. This, as Americans who have done business in Mexico know, does not prove there was nothing to recover. Relations between Bowie and relatives of his dead wife seem to have remained cordial.

As the chasm between Texas and Mexico widened, Mexicans increasingly looked upon the public lands of Texas as almost valueless. The Coahuila *politicos* in 1834 and 1835 granted away, illegally, millions of acres of Texas lands for a song, antagonizing responsible Texans.²⁵ John T. Mason, representing a New York syndicate and also representing himself, acquired titles in 1834 to 300 leagues and in 1835 to 1,100 leagues—more than 6,250,000 acres. He was a pompous, polite, canting land shark,²⁶ but was by no means alone among the grabbing North Americans.

Early in 1835 the Coahuila and Texas government made Santiago (James) Bowie special land commissioner to issue titles on the Mason grants. With

¹⁹ Bowie's attested will, which was recorded in Harris County, on August 11, 1852, though it had been acknowledged at Houston in 1839, was introduced in the case of *Heirs of James Bowie vs. H. & T. C. Railroad Co., et al.* A full report of the case, including a certified copy of the will, as tried in Travis County, Texas (1890), before it went to a higher court, is in the vault records of the Court of Civil Appeals in the capitol at Austin. For a digest see Case No. 133, Texas Court of Civil Appeals, *Southwestern Reporter*, XXI, 304-305.

²⁰ Testimony of Angus McNeill, in *Veramendi vs. Hutchins*, Supreme Court of Texas, No. M-7968.

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² On Bowie's drunkenness at San Felipe and the Alamo see Anson Jones, *Memoranda and Official Correspondence relating to the Republic of Texas* (New York, 1859), 12-13; J. J. Baugh (adjutant of the post of Bexar) to Henry Smith (provisional governor of Texas), February 13, 1836, quoted in Williams, “A Critical Study of the Siege of the Alamo,” *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XXXVI, 282-283; Rena Maverick Green (ed.), *Samuel Maverick, Texan: 1803-1870* (San Antonio, 1952), 35-36.

²³ “Notes Concerning Trip to Mexico in 1834, Etc., Spencer Jack,” in Charles A. Gulick, Jr., and others (eds.), *Papers of Mirabeau B. Lamar* (6 vols.; Austin, 1920, 1927), V, 358.

²⁴ Bexar Archives, June 29, 1843 (MS., Archives, University of Texas Library).

²⁵ Barker, “Land Speculation as a Cause of the Texas Revolution,” *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, X, 76-95.

²⁶ Kate Mason Rowland, author of “General John Thompson Mason,” *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, XI, 163-198, was a descendant and her sketch gives a better opinion of the man than his letters give.

grand flourish and rubric he signed away, mostly in the month of September, titles to eleven-league tracts of lands aggregating toward half a million acres.²⁷ The trades were on slim margins and he could not have collected much money.

One of the first acts of the provisional government of Texas was to nullify titles to the Mason and other grants of land acquired "under suspicious circumstances." The Texas Constitution, adopted on March 17, 1836, declared "each and every grant" made to John T. Mason "null and void from the beginning."

Bowie's speculations in Texas lands were more ineffectual than dishonest. Many men grabbed and gained more successfully. As a minor illustration, before Sam Houston rose to the responsibility of office and became a powerful bulwark for the state against—in his phrase—"the cupidity and avarice of land claimants," he applied as a "married man" for a league of land in Austin's colony and got it and then applied as an "unmarried man" for another league in Burnet's colony and got it. After Texas cut off from Mexico and had unhampered disposition of her vast public domain, she continued for years to give away land only a little less prodigally than franc-prosperous GI's in Paris at the end of World War II gave away their paper money.

Bowie's fidelity to the Texas colonists in their uprising against Mexico remains clear and uncompromising. If he considered that what was good for Bowie's land and military interests was



Although the original photograph and plates have been lost, Mr. Dobie furnished this illustration from a Feb. 1942 Goodspeed's (Boston) Book Shop publication. They sold this 14-inch Clay Pate knife to a customer.

good for Texas also, he knew from intimate experience that the Mexican system was not. He is constantly referred to as Colonel Bowie, but evidence that he held a military commission is lacking.²⁸ He did not need a commission to lead. He belonged to the "war party" before fighting actually began. He won the initial skirmish, called the battle of Concepcion, at San Antonio in October, 1835. He is credited with having persuaded various Mexican citizens at San Antonio to side with the Texans. The simplicity and directness of fighting must have been a great relief to him after years of unsuccessful dealing with marked cards in the land game.

He had orders from General Sam Houston to demolish the Alamo and abandon it, but on February 2, 1836, he wrote: "Colonel Neill and myself have come to the solemn resolution that we will rather die in these ditches than give it up to the enemy." Neill left for

²⁷ File (or Volume) 30, in the General Land Office of Texas records ten titles covering ninety-five leagues of land to various individuals signed with flourish and rubric by Santiago Bowie, at Nacogdoches, Texas, February-November, 1835. Bowie seems to have followed a custom of signing on blank pages to be filled in and dated by a clerk. He was at San Antonio or in that region on some of the dates attached to his signature. See statement by John T. Borden, Land Commissioner of Texas, in appendix to *Howse Journals of the Fifth Congress of Texas*, 1840, p. 356.

²⁸ On January 12, 1836, a committee of the Provisional Council of Texas charged the provisional governor with having "directed the commanding general of the regular army of Texas to issue orders to James Bowie, . . . said Bowie not being an officer of the government nor army . . ." W. Roy Smith, "The Quarrel between Governor Smith and the Council of the Provisional Government of the Republic," *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, V, 327.

the colonies, and then a bitter struggle began between Colonel Travis and Bowie for the supreme command. Austin, of refined integrity and unflagging devotion to the people for whom he felt responsible, but unfitted for military command, opposed Bowie as an adventurer out for personal gain. Primitive fibered Houston valued him as a leader of "promptitude and manliness" and rated him above other subordinates in "forecast, prudence and valor." The volunteers voted for him over Travis, a "regular."

For a brief time Travis and Bowie shared the command, though Bowie became so dissentious that Travis and his command moved to the Medina River, a few miles south, and camped, temporarily. Bowie, according to an official report written by Travis on February 13, "has been roaring drunk all the time . . . interfering with private property, releasing prisoners sentenced by court martial and by the civil court and turning everything topsy turvy." The day after Santa Anna arrived, a severe illness, variously described as tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever, typhoid-pneumonia, and "a disease of a peculiar nature," put Bowie on his cot, helpless, leaving Travis in sole command.

For Bowie not to have his knife at the end would be unthinkable. David Crockett had arrived before Bowie became critically ill. In *Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas* a gar-rago of undetermined authorship that rings true to Crockett only in spots, is this passage:

I found Colonel Bowie in the fortress, a man celebrated for having been in more desperate personal conflicts than any other in the country . . . He gave me a friendly welcome and appeared to be mightily pleased that I had arrived safe. While we were conversing, he had occasion to draw his famous knife to cut a strap, and I wish I may be shot if the bare sight of it wasn't enough to give a man of squeamish

stomach the colic, especially before breakfast. He saw I was admiring it and said, "Colonel, you might tickle a fellow's ribs a long time with this little instrument before you'd make him laugh."

Nobody knows how Bowie died, though many have said.²⁹ After one hundred and eighty-odd Americans had withstood the siege of five thousand Mexicans for eleven days and nights, the final assault on Sunday morning, March 6, 1836, left not one alive to report a single detail. They had killed and wounded, according to credible reports, up to fifteen hundred Mexicans. A few women, cut off by walls from the climactic carnage, were left alive to tell varying anecdotes, especially in their dotage. It would have been in character for the dying Bowie to refuse, as he is said to have refused, the ministrations of women lest they contract his disease. He, like Travis, had a slave "boy," who presumably came out of the Alamo alive. Joe, who belonged to Travis, was officially interviewed, but not one word has come down from Bowie's Sam.

Soon after the Alamo fell, the alcalde of San Antonio, who had remained neutral, entered the fortress; he said that Bowie was found "dead in his bed" in a side-room. Walter Worthington Bowie, in his history of the Bowie family, says that he died delirious on his cot "about three o'clock in the morning," only a short time before the pre-dawn attack. Sam Houston believed that he was murdered in bed. In 1838 Dr. John Suther-

²⁹ Some of the many conflicting statements on Bowie's death are to be found in: Charles Merritt Barnes, *Combats and Conquests of Immortal Heroes* (San Antonio, 1910), 33-34; John Henry Brown, *The Encyclopedia of the New West*, 433-438; Maurice Elfer, a journalese shyster, *Madama Candelaria, Unsung Heroine of the Alamo* (Houston, 1933), 16-18; Amelia W. Williams and Eugene C. Barker (eds.), *The Writings of Sam Houston* (8 vols.; Austin, 1938-1943), I, 363, IV, 18; Rena Maverick Green (ed.), *Samuel Maverick, Texan: 1803-1870* (San Antonio, 1952), 55, 56; John S. Moore ("I.S.M."), in *Galveston News*, September 8, 1875; R. M. Potter, *The Fall of the Alamo* (pamphlet reprint from *Magazine of American History*, January, 1878), 13, 2 on; Milledge L. Bonham, Jr., "James Butler Bonham: A Consistent Rebel," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XXXV, 134; Williams, "A Critical Study of the Siege of the Alamo," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XXXVII, 36, 39, 43; A. J. Sowell, *Rangers and Pioneers of Texas* (San Antonio, 1884), 141, 145-149; Dr. John Sutherland, *The Fall of the Alamo* (San Antonio, 1936), 12-13, 40; Frank Triplett, *Conquering the Wilderness* (New York, 1883), 724; two unidentified newspaper clippings in a scrapbook given the writer by Mrs. Georgia Stenger in 1928. One clipping gives credit to the *Washington Post* and the other to the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* of 1868.

land saw on a wall, so he said, near the spot where Bowie's cot had been, marks made by the splattering of his brains. Dr. Sutherland had it from Travis' slave boy and Mrs. Dickinson both that several balls went through Bowie's head while he lay "unable to lift it from his pillow." A Mexican officer wrote that he died "like a woman almost hidden under a mattress." A fifer in Santa Anna's band told W. P. Zuber, according to Zuber, that while soldiers were gathering the bodies of the slain for burning, four brought Bowie, still alive, on his cot to their captain, who reviled him as a traitor to his country and his dead wife. Bowie retorted, "in excellent Castilian," with such acidity that the captain ordered four soldiers to spread-eagle him and a fifth to cut out his tongue. Then he had him cast alive on the raging fire. A niece and adopted daughter of the Veramendis who had taken refuge in the Alamo told Mrs. Samuel Maverick only two years after its fall that she saw Mexican soldiers enter Bowie's room, to which she and other women had fled, bayonet him and then carry him, still breathing, upon their bayonets into the plaza. Another report is that Bowie, unable to rise and fight, shot himself.

It is generally believed that he died with Bowie knife in hand, still on the cot but sitting up, back braced against the wall at his head, victims of his valor and prowess strewn around him. But it used to be claimed that at the last minute he rallied enough to stand up and meet with demoniacal fury the Mexicans coming into his room. One specifier has it that he killed two with his pistols and managed to knife into the vitals of three more before he was overwhelmed. Imagination and patriotic sympathy rebel at the idea of Bowie's dying except in the climax of hand-to-hand combat.

The year after Texas became a republic and some order in civil affairs was resumed, proceedings in the Bexar County probate court, at San Antonio, were initiated to liquidate the estate of

James Bowie. Eugenio Navarro was appointed administrator, no doubt at his own instance, for as representative and joint inheritor of the Veramendi estate, he proposed collecting from the Bowie estate. On October 28, 1837, he submitted an itemized inventory of Bowie's personal effects, which, presumably, had remained in the Veramendi house. The list includes a dress coat of black cloth, "partly moth-eaten," another black coat "entirely moth-eaten," various other pieces of clothing, and several books, among them a Latin-Spanish dictionary, a Spanish-English grammar, an arithmetic, a work on machinery, and *The Revelation of Nature*. An axe, three saws, a machete, and a few other itemized tools were later sold at public outcry for \$47.12½. The main listing in the inventory is of lease contracts on two eleven-league grants of land and power of attorney for disposing of concessions granted to several named Mexicans for a total of fifty-five leagues of land. So far as money value went, these instruments might have been lumped in with a "bundle of letters," two cases of "worthless papers" and "other papers not important enough to be inventoried." Eugenio Navarro stated that a coach in Monclova belonging to Senor James Bowie had been sold for \$800 and the money credited to his account with the Veramendi business firm. Navarro, furthermore, preferred a note for \$750 made by Bowie to Josefa Ruiz Navarro (Ursula's grandmother).

In June, 1838, Juan N. Seguin was empowered by Rezin P. Bowie to administer the Bowie estate, but Seguin resigned two months later. Joseph L. Hood, the next administrator, asserted that Bowie had left "debts to a considerable amount." One Thomas Gay asked the court to recognize his claim for \$1,000 that Bowie owed him. In 1839 the moth-eaten coats were inventoried again. In 1840, F. L. Paschal, sheriff of Bexar County, became administrator. He had somehow got hold of a certificate for 640 acres of land donated by the Republic of Texas to

the heirs of James Bowie. It was appraised at \$50, and then sold at public outcry for \$51. The court ordered the proceeds to be paid to the Veramendi estate for credit on Bowie's dowry bond, which was on file.³⁰

The San Antonio probate court perhaps knew nothing of Bowie's will; certainly it ignored official proceedings at Houston and elsewhere to the east on the Bowie estate. On November 11, 1836 Major William Oldham, styled "Administrator," petitioned the Texas Congress to pay the Bowie estate for expenditures made by Bowie in a military capacity. Early in 1837 Oldham was advertising for claims against the estate and for payments due it. There must have been dissatisfaction with his administration. In January, 1839, the Texas Congress passed an act giving Reason [sic] P. Bowie and Alexander B. Sterritt (the executors named by James Bowie in his will) power to probate Bowie's will in Harris County, letters of executorship to be transferred to San Antonio "when the settled state of the country will permit the transaction of business in the usual way." At the same time, the Bowie petition of November 11, 1836, was withdrawn. Also, on January 29, 1839, Felix Huston acknowledged Bowie's will before a justice in Houston and on March 7 following, Edwin Morehouse added his acknowledgment of it. So far as can be ascertained by incomplete records, this will was not actually recorded until August 11, 1852, "at 9 o'clock A. M."³¹ Parish records in Louisiana might reveal something of Bowie's purported property; the Texas

records indicate that his heirs received nothing beyond the lands granted his estate for services in war.

What relatives do over a dead man's body is not necessarily a judgment on him, but may be pertinent. In donating lands to veterans of the Revolution and their heirs, the Republic of Texas in 1840 and the State of Texas in 1860 donated land certificates for a total of 4,657 acres to the heirs of James Bowie. The patents were scattered over several counties. In 1890 the descendants of Rezin P. Bowie and of Martha Bowie Sterrett and her husband, the legatees designated in James Bowie's will, sued the Houston and Texas Central Railroad Company for trying to survey out of existence 2,097 acres of land patented in Hardeman County to the heirs of James Bowie.

At this juncture Martha Bowie Burns showed up. Formerly of Mississippi she currently lived in Dallas; she was the daughter of John J. Bowie, the star in the Arkansas land frauds. She and eight kinsmen not only joined in the suit against the railroad company but claimed to be joint heirs of James Bowie. A district judge ruled that the will had not been "properly probated." Then in a judgment confirmed by the Court of Civil Appeals, Martha Bowie Burns, *et al.*, were made joint owners of the land, and the railroad company was ousted. A total of sixteen Bowie heirs appeared in this case.³²

Only ten years later, in 1900, Martha Bowie Burns showed up alone, except for the company of a jackleg lawyer, claiming to be the sole survivor of all James Bowie's brothers and sisters and

³⁰ Records of the Bexar County Probate Court, San Antonio. See also Edward S. Sears, "The Low Down on Jim Bowie," *Texas Folklore Society Publications*, No. XIX.

³¹ The *Telegraph and Texas Register*, of Houston, regularly published official records of the proceedings of the Texas Congress. On November 23, 1836, it summarized the Oldham petition. On March 28, 1837, it ran Oldham's advertisement, repeated in the next two issues. On February 27, 1839, in a record of the proceedings of Congress, it published the fact that the 1836 petition had been withdrawn, the identical item being in the *Journal of the House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas*, January 24, 1839, p. 408. The act of January 26, 1839, making Rezin P. Bowie and Alexander Sterritt executors of Bowie's will is recorded in Gammel's *Laws of Texas*, 11, 123. The writer is indebted to Andrew Forest Muir of Houston for the fact that Bowie's will is recorded in the Deed Records of Harris County, Q 147-149. See also Note 19, *ante*.

³² Heirs of James Bowie *vs.* H. & T. C. Railroad Co., Case No. 133, Texas Court of Civil Appeals, *Southwestern Reporter*, XXI, 304-305.

³³ The complete history of the La Salle County section of Bowie land (Abstract No. 80) was prepared for the writer by Richard Dobie, attorney at Cotulla, Texas. A copy of this history has been placed in the Archives of the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center at the University of Texas.

³⁴ Veramendi *vs.* Hutchins, Supreme Court of Texas, No. M-7968. See note 17.

³⁵ "Notice: All persons are hereby warned from purchasing a note drawn by the undersigned, in favor of Angus McNeil on the 12th December '37, for the sum of \$12,000 Government audited money, or \$7,000 in cash, payable on the 1st of March following, as I am determined not to pay the same in consequence of no value having been received. H. R. Allen March 27, [1839]." *Telegraph and Texas Register*, April 17, 1839.

³⁶ Orthodox historians have discounted the story of Travis' drawing the line based on a relation by Rose to Zuber. It is vindicated by R. B. Blake, "Rose and His Story of the Alamo," *Texas Folklore Society Publications*, No. XV, 1939, pp. 9-41.

to be the rightful heir to the section of Bowie land that had in 1840 been sold by order of the San Antonio probate court. It had been patented in La Salle County in 1860 and had been resold several times. The 1900 owner considered it cheaper to pay Martha Bowie Burns—and the attorney—\$160 to quiet his title than to fight the case through court.³³ The owner of a section of land away down in the brush of La Salle County would not know of the existence of all the other Bowie descendants, "Even unto the third and fourth generation."

The law suit throwing light on Bowie himself was over the headright league of land on the Navidad River. This suit, styled *M. A. Veramendi, et al., vs. W. J. Hutchins, et al.*, was instituted in Colorado County in 1869, went to the Supreme Court of Texas in 1878, was remanded and came again to the Supreme Court in 1882.³⁴

Bowie had sold two hundred acres off the league while his wife was alive. On October 15, 1835, according to a belatedly recorded deed and bond, he sold the remainder of the league to William Richardson for \$5,000. In the long drawn-out suit over the Bowie league, the Veramendi estate claimed that the land was community property and that an undivided half of it still belonged to the heirs of Ursula de Veramendi Bowie. The land, meanwhile, had been resold to various individuals, including W. J. Hutchins. The deed from Bowie to Richardson was attacked as fraudulent. Why should anybody pay \$5,000 for a tract of land hardly worth \$500 at the time of the alleged sale?

The chief witness put up by the Veramendi estate was Angus McNeill—the man named by Bowie in his dowry contract as holding \$20,000 for investment in textile machinery. McNeill had served in the Texas legislature; his integrity had been attacked;³⁵ his memory seemed good. He testified that he became acquainted with Bowie in Mississippi in 1826 and knew him intimately from that time till the fall of 1835, when

he came to Texas with him, accompanied by Dr. William Richardson. According to McNeill, Dr. Richardson had twice attended Bowie during dangerous attacks of illness, once in McNeill's own house. On the trip to Texas, Dr. Richardson carried \$80,000 that a company of men had raised to invest in lands. This Dr. William Richardson served as a surgeon in the Texas army.

Bowie, Angus McNeill testified, "was a splendid man of the most fascinating manners, exceedingly lavish in the expenditure of money. He had an extraordinary capacity for getting money from his friends. Dr. Richardson was very much under his influence, as were most of his other friends." Richardson was a man of ample means. Bowie could easily have obtained \$5,000 from him and then have conveyed the league of land to him as all he had to pay.

James Bowie was an adventurer of the first order, but he was more. For one thing, he never indulged in cant. No man could say of him as Lord Birkenhead said of a piety-pretending politician: "I am not especially offended when my opponent cheats at cards, but I find it nauseating when, having cheated and won, he ascribes his success to intervention of the Most High." Bowie was as fearless as nature makes men, and always his deeds of bravery were coupled with the "art of daring." Take his last authenticated gesture. He was on a cot, sick unto death, the evening Travis drew with the point of his sword that immortal line across Alamo earth and invited all who would stay and die with him to step over.³⁶ "Boys," Bowie requested, "will some of you kindly lift my cot across?"

Bowie was a legend—a gaudy legend of gaudy violence—before he died. No *deus ex machina* in Greek tragedy ever extricated a character from peril more neatly than the Alamo extricated Bowie from defeat in life and from tarnish on reputation. For the popular mind, particularly of posterity, the Alamo blotted out all but the heroic and noble from the records.

A Celtic Nimrod in the Old West

More than a century ago, Sir St. George Gore spent a staggering half million dollars on a three year hunting expedition in the wilds of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, a fabulous exploit never since equalled.

by Clark C. Spence

HIGH IN THE Rockies, on Colorado State Highway 84, a few miles northwest of the little town of Kremmling, stands a gleaming new bronze plaque, prepared in 1956 by the Historical Society of Colorado to commemorate the hunting expedition of an itinerant Irishman more than a century before.

In part, it reads:

GORE PASS

ALTITUDE 9,000 FEET

HERE IN 1855 CROSSED SIR ST. GEORGE GORE AN IRISH BARONET BENT ON SLAUGHTER OF GAME AND GUIDED BY JIM BRIDGER. FOR THREE YEARS HE SCoured COLORADO, MONTANA AND WYOMING, ACCOMPANIED USUALLY BY FORTY MEN, MANY CARTS, WAGONS, HOUNDS AND UNEXAMPLED CAMP LUXURIES. MORE THAN 2,000 BUFFALO, 1,600 ELK AND DEER, 100 BEARS WERE MASSACRED FOR SPORT.

This brief reminder is to a romantic and colorful episode of our past that has become so cloaked with legend and tradition as to have become almost folklore. If westerners know the name Gore it is frequently only in terms that are blurred and misleading. The story itself is not basically new. Standard state histories and guidebooks usually mention the expedition, but complete accounts and primary materials are rare. Bibliographer Henry R. Wagner once stated that the only contemporary narrative of the hunt to his knowledge was the version dictated by Henry Bostwick, a member of the party, for publication in the *Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana* in 1876.² But this, like most other accounts, is fragmentary;

many later ones not only perpetuate errors and misconceptions but add numerous new ones through misconstruction or over-popularization.³

Yet the story of the Gore expedition into western America needs no embellishment or adornment. In it, human interest, adventure, and drama are to be found with almost every turn of the wagon wheels. It is historical fact; but it is the stuff from which historical novels are written.

Sir St. George Gore was the eighth baronet of Gore Manor, County of Donegal, in northern Ireland. Wealthy, educated at Oxford, Gore never married: the two great loves of his life were hunting and fishing.⁴ He was "a sportsman among a thousand," wrote William F. Cody years later, "and he spent money with extraordinary freedom in the gratification of his passion."⁵ Captain Randolph Marcy of the United States Army, who met Gore in St. Louis soon after the Irishman's return from his hunt, believed:

The outfit and adventures of this titled Nimrod, conducted as they were upon a most gigantic scale, probably exceeded anything of the kind ever before attempted on this continent, and the results of his exploits will compare favorably with the performances of Gordon Cumming in Africa.⁶

Less sympathetic writers, notably Hubert Howe Bancroft (or at least one member of the Bancroft production line) viewed Gore's achievements with more distaste:

The author of this interesting article on the Western hunting exploits of Sir St. George Gore is a native of Great Falls, who was raised in Idaho. He is now an assistant professor of history at Pennsylvania State University.

Dr. Spence attended the University of Colorado and last year received his Ph.D. in history from the University of Minnesota.



His only object in seeking the mighty solitudes of the heart of the American continent was the gratification of that savage instinct preserved with so much care by the landed aristocracy of Great Britain, the love of the chase, to secure themselves in the enjoyment of which the land is kept from the homeless poor.¹

How Gore became interested in the idea of an elaborate hunting expedition into the vast reaches of the Frontier West is only conjectural.² But certainly by early 1854 he had made up his mind to test his sporting abilities on the prairies and mountains of inland America. Presumably he landed in New York and made his way overland to St. Louis, the jumping-off point for the trans-Mississippi West, although it is not impossible that he may have come up the river from New Orleans. In any event, by the spring of 1854, Gore was in St. Louis making detailed preparations for the "hunt of hunts" that was to last nearly three years, reach into the wilds

of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Dakotas, cost an estimated \$500,000, and bag game in almost unbelievable amounts.

There in the Mound City, at the gateway to the West, Sir St. George outfitted his expedition, using drafts on Baring Brothers of London, through P. Chouteau, Jr. & Co., the western arm of the American Fur Company.³ As his plans took shape, the Irish baronet acquired a sizeable collection of vehicles and livestock, including twenty-one two-horse *charettes*, painted red; four six-mule wagons; two three-yoke ox wagons; 112 head of horses, many of them extremely fine animals; eighteen

¹ *The Colorado Magazine*, XXIV (January, 1957), 14. Most accounts indicate that Gore spent the winter of 1854-1855 at Fort Laramie, after having hunted and fished in Colorado earlier. It is extremely doubtful that he and his party would have attempted to flounder through the Rockies in the early months of 1855. Hence it appears likely that Gore was in Colorado in the autumn of 1854, rather than in 1855, as the plaque indicates.

² F. George Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana*, I (1876), 128-131.

³ A thorough, but rather uncritical account appears as a chapter in Forbes Parkhill, *The Wildest of the West* (New York, 1951), 129-140. Another of the better versions, although not without its shortcomings, is the Lieutenant James H. Bradley Manuscript "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, IX (1923), 245-251. The Bradley narrative is the basis for the account by E. A. Brininstool in the *Dillon Examiner*, July 30, 1924. Other descriptions of the expedition—highly popularized and grossly distorted—include: Joe Hefflin Smith, "The Big Hunt of Sir St. George Gore," *The Cattleman*, XXXIX (August, 1952), 118ff.; E. Ward McCray, "The Damnedest Hunt in the World," *True*, XXV (October, 1955), 29ff.; William F. Cody, "Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains," *The Cosmopolitan*, XVII (June, 1894), 131-143.

⁴ Born in 1811, Gore was the only son of Sir Ralph Gore and Lady Grace Maxwell. He was educated at Winchester School and Oriel College, Oxford, and succeeded his father to the title in 1842. He died without heirs at Inverness on the last day of 1878. *The Times* (London), January 6, 1879; *The Illustrated London News*, January 11, 1879; *Burke's Peerage* (100th ed., London, 1953), 891. Little biographical information on Gore seems to survive. Sir Ralph Gore, the present and tenth baronet, says "... he left no records, no diaries behind him, as he spent so much of his time abroad. He was a great sportsman and fisherman, and as a bachelor always on the move very little was known of his doings by the other members of his family." Sir Ralph Gore to author (Bembridge, Isle of Wight, September 7, 1956).

⁵ Cody, "Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains," *The Cosmopolitan*, XVII (June, 1894), 133.

⁶ Randolph B. Marcy, *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border* (New York, 1874), 401-402. The Gordon Cumming referred to by Marcy was undoubtedly Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming (1820-1866), intrepid sportsman who came to be known as "Lion Hunter" from his exploits in southern Africa, *DNB*, XIII, 298-299. Many of Marcy's comments on Gore and the Gore expedition appeared verbatim nearly a quarter of a century later in Henry Inman, *The Old Santa Fe Trail* (New York, 1897), 331.

⁷ Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming* (San Francisco, 1890), 696.

⁸ Forbes Parkhill suspects that Gore may have become interested in the American West through the Earl of Fitzwilliam, who had been in Oregon on one leg of a round-the-world junket. Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 130. Evidence to support this is slight.

⁹ Chouteau's ledgers show drafts of at least £1,800 cashed by Gore in March and April, 1854. P. Chouteau, Jr. & Co. Ledger TT, entries for March 14, 1854; March 24, 1854; May 2, 1854, 643, 649, 704. Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.



THE GORE COAT-OF-ARMS.

oxen; and three milk cows, the latter presumably to add a touch of domesticity to the whole.¹⁰ Much of the equipment was devoted to hauling fishing or hunting gear or to ease the life of the master hunter himself. One wagon was filled entirely with arms—countless pistols, a dozen or fifteen shotguns, and some seventy-five rifles, all muzzle-loaders save for one Sharp's breech-loader. Two wagons were laden with fishing tackle and a skilled fly-tier was on hand to fashion new lures throughout the trip.¹¹

A novel feature of the expedition was the variety of comforts brought along to the wilderness by the Donegal lord. With him went a large striped green and white linen tent—about ten by eighteen feet square—a rug for underfoot, a brass bedstead which unscrewed

and could be knocked down for easy transporting, a portable iron table, and a washstand.¹² What on the surface appeared to be an ordinary open-box spring wagon could be converted into comfortable living quarters in inclement weather merely by cranking into place a top carried in the wagon bed.¹³

Undoubtedly Gore traveled in lordly style compared with other western hunters and their accommodations, but this aspect of his expedition has probably been much over-emphasized. "At night," says one writer in a flight of fancy, "his camp looked like the bridal suite at the Waldorf."¹⁴ Imported serving men in costly livery and powdered wigs, fine sterling silver mugs (Gore would drink from no other), chest after chest of select wines and liqueurs, gold-plated buffalo guns—all of these may or may not have existed. But if they did, documentation is lamentably lacking.

To be sure, this was more than an ordinary hunting party. Its number has been estimated at from forty to two hundreds by various "experts," but the lower figure is most acceptable.¹⁵ Of the company, probably a few accompanied Gore from Ireland, but the majority seem to have been voyageurs or mountain men who joined the expedition at St. Louis or later at Fort Laramie. Early reports indicate that specialists of diverse kinds were included, with cooks, secretaries, hunters, stewards, and dog-tenders mentioned among others.¹⁶

¹² Bradley, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, IX (1923), 247.

¹³ *Ibid.*, 250.

¹⁴ Smith, "The Big Hunt of Sir St. George Gore," *The Cattlemen*, XXXIX (August, 1952), 118.

¹⁵ Henry Bostwick, who accompanied the group from Fort Laramie, gives the number as forty. Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 128. The Indian Agent for the Upper Missouri, who met Gore in the summer of 1856, stated at that time that Gore had forty-three retainers. Alfred J. Vaughan to Alfred Cumming (Fort Union, July 1856). Copy courtesy of the Historical Society of Montana. Marcy's estimate was "about fifty persons." Marcy, *Thirty Years*, 402. Another writer sets the number at "over a hundred persons." Velma Linford, "The Grand Encampment," *The Westerners Brand Book*, IV (Denver, 1949), 5. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, never prone to understate a case, set the number at two hundred. Cody, "Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains," *The Cosmopolitan*, XVII (June, 1894), 131.

¹⁶ Marcy, *Thirty Years*, 402.

¹⁰ Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 131. The charette, widely used by the French-Canadian voyageurs and American trappers, was often referred to as the Red River cart.

¹¹ Marcy noted in Gore's collection many fine guns, including those bearing the names of such noted manufacturers as Purdy, Westley Richards, and Joe Manton. Marcy, *Thirty Years*, 402.

It was in May or June, under the expert guidance of Henry Chatillon (who had earlier escorted Francis Parkman west along the Oregon Trail), that the strange and splendid safari left the friendly hospitality of the river town and swung westward along the Missouri "in quest of anything that walked, bawled, flew or swam."¹⁷ Near Westport, an unofficial correspondent of the *Ohio State Journal* (Columbus) noted the expedition in mid-June,¹⁸ commenting with enthusiasm upon it and especially upon Gore's greyhounds and staghounds, which he described as "the most magnificent pack of dogs there were ever seen in this country."¹⁹

Past Fort Leavenworth pushed the procession,²⁰ out into the prairie lands where Gore had his first taste of buffalo hunting. Occasionally, too, he and his guest, Sir William Thomas Spencer Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, Sixth Earl of Fitzwilliam, chased coyotes and timber wolves over the rolling terrain with his hounds.²¹ Lord Fitzwilliam, who would ultimately fall heir to 115,800 English acres, was an amateur astronomer who carried with him "a splendid telescope." After a few months he was to leave the expedition and make his way back to St. Louis on his own.²²

By the end of a warm June, the party had arrived at Fort Laramie,²³ that fabled way station on the early road to gold and glory. Here Gore paused long enough to pick up a number of seasoned trappers as additions to his retinue, then veered sharply southward into what is now Colorado, this time under the guiding hand of Joseph Chatillon, brother of the illustrious Henry.²⁴

Crossing the Laramie plains and ranging down into North, Middle, and possibly Lost Park in Colorado,²⁵ Gore hunted the high reaches of the Rockies and fished the cold, crystal waters of the mountain trout streams with unfeigned delight. He is said to have been one of the first to visit Steamboat Springs and for years the legend persisted that he rounded up an entire tribe of Indians—some 800 or 850 strong—to hack roads and build bridges that his wagons might cross the mountain range which now bears his name.²⁶ According to one member of the party, at least, the expedition camped on all four sides of Pike's Peak prior to moving back northward to the Fort Laramie base of operations probably before the force of winter struck late in 1854.²⁷

There at this important post, where the Laramie and the North Platte converged, Gore settled in for the cold months, allowing his animals to recuperate, waiting for additional supplies, and enjoying the company of an interesting, if motley, array of Indians, traders, trappers, and adventurers. The Irishman's latest model and fancy firearms

¹⁷ Smith, "The Big Hunt of Sir St. George Gore," *The Catleman*, XXXIX (August, 1952), 118.

¹⁸ *Daily Ohio State Journal*, June 20, 1854. Bradley states that the expedition started in 1853; so does Brininstool, whose account is based largely on the Bradley manuscript. Bradley, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, IX (1923), 246; *Dillon Examiner*, July 30, 1924. The description carried by the *Ohio State Journal* leaves no doubt that the party started in 1854.

¹⁹ "Between forty and fifty dogs, mostly greyhounds and stag hounds, of the most beautiful breeds, compose this part of the expedition. He had a large carriage, and probably a dozen large wagons to transport provisions, &c. These require five yoke of oxen to each wagon. These, with the horses, men &c., made up quite an imposing company." *Daily Ohio State Journal*, June 20, 1854.

²⁰ Parkhill states that young Bill Cody saw the expedition at Fort Leavenworth and "watched in openmouthed wonder." Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 131. Cody's account, written forty years after the event, does not mention actually having seen the expedition. Cody merely says "I was a boy at Fort Leavenworth in 1853 [sic] when he [Gore] arrived there from London and fitted out at his own expense." Cody, "Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains," *The Cosmopolitan*, XVII (June, 1894), 131.

²¹ Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 130.

²² *Ibid.* Wentworth-Fitzwilliam was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He stood as M.P. for Malton (1837-1841 and 1846-1847) and for Wicklow (1847-1857). He was Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding of York (1853-1892) and Aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria (1884-1894). *Debrett's Peerage* (London, 1955), 468; *Who Was Who*, 1897-1916 (London, 1920), 248.

²³ C. G. Coutant, *History of Wyoming* (Laramie, 1899), I, 324.

²⁴ Henry Chatillon to *Denver Evening Post* (Cripple Creek, August 20, 1897). Copy courtesy of the State Historical Society of Colorado. This is the son of Joseph Chatillon and the nephew of the Henry Chatillon who guided the party to Fort Laramie.

²⁵ The veteran Colorado historian, Frank Hall, whose imagination covered more area than the facts warranted, states that Gore "traversed the North, Middle and South Parks, and most of the country between the Platte and the Columbia." Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado* (Chicago, 1889), I, 149-150.

²⁶ Some writers insist that traces of these rude roads and bridges were visible even down into the twentieth century. Alice Polk Hill, *Colorado Pioneers in Picture and Story* (Denver, 1915), 34. Parkhill discredits the story as having been almost impossible and logically concludes that Gore probably abandoned his wagons temporarily and made side trips on horseback. Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 133-134.

²⁷ Chatillon to *Denver Evening Post* (Cripple Creek, August 20, 1897). See *supra*, I, n. 1.



Jim Bridger, the most famous of all mountain men, acted as chief guide for the titled Irish nobleman whose fantastic hunting expedition into three states is told in this article. "Old Gabe" Bridger became a favorite of Sir St. George Gore.

fascinated the mountain men. Gore, in turn, was captivated with the rough and tumble lot that drifted into the fort. In particular, Gore was enchanted with Jim Bridger, the most famous of all his breed. "Old Gabe," as Bridger was called, had previously been ousted from the fort that bore his name, and when Gore offered him the job of guiding the expedition north when the thaws came, he accepted with alacrity.

The Irishman and his new chief guide present a tempting study in contrasts. At the time, Gore would have been forty-three or forty-four. A contemporary described him as "a fine built, stout, light haired and resolute looking man."²⁸ Author after author refers to his "straw-colored Dundreary whiskers;" Lucius Beebe, who goes so far as to screw a monocle into Gore's eye, notes that he "was given to deer-stalker caps and suits of exclamatory pattern."²⁹

Bridger, tall and sinewy and looking every bit the true mountaineer with his long dark hair hanging down over his buckskin collar, would have been half a dozen years Gore's senior when the two first met at Fort Laramie.

Gore, the British blue-blood, university educated, was the empassioned sportsman par excellence. The illiterate Bridger, son of a surveyor and tavern owner, may have lacked breeding, but he had few peers as hunter, interpreter, or guide in the wilderness West he knew so well. For Gore, the opportunity to associate with such a master woodsman and frontiersman was the realization of a lifelong ambition.

As the days lengthened and the spring winds sent the melting snow in tumbling cascades down swollen streams, Fort Laramie fairly bustled with activity and the Gore expedition moved out, "Old Gabe" leading the van.³⁰ Traveling leisurely up the North Platte, the party followed the emigrant road to Casper Creek, then crossed northward to Powder River, and followed down Dry Fork to the spot where Fort Conner and nearby Fort Reno ultimately stood.³¹ This was terrain with which Bridger was thoroughly familiar and it was a hunter's paradise. Wild and desolate, the area was "totally unfit for the uses of a civilized being," according to a Federal officer a few years later; but it was also "interesting to a geologist, and a splendid Indian country."³²

Time was of little importance to Sir St. George Gore. Game was plentiful and life worth living. The Irishman thoroughly enjoyed himself. Normally,

²⁸ *Daily Ohio State Journal*, June 20, 1854.

²⁹ Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, *The American West* (New York, 1955), 299.

³⁰ Most accounts contend that the hunting party left Fort Laramie as soon as the grass was high enough for grazing in the spring of 1855. Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 129; Stanley Vestal, *Jim Bridger* (New York, 1946), 194; Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 135. Bradley's account and that of Jeremiah Proteau, who was with the expedition, state that departure from Fort Laramie was not made until early in the fall. Bradley, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, IX (1923), 247; Robert E. Strahorn, *The Handbook of Wyoming and Guide to the Black Hills and Big Horn Regions for Citizen, Emigrant and Tourist* (Cheyenne, 1877), 221. However, since Bradley's chronology is in general erroneous and Proteau's memory proved poor on other phases of the hunt, neither can be accepted as the final authorities in this case.

³¹ Parkhill has the party following the Big Horn River north to the Yellowstone. Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 135. No other account places the route this far west; the others agree that it went down a branch of the Powder.



Sir St. George Gore and his elaborate hunting expedition reached Fort Laramie in June, 1874, and picked up a number of seasoned trappers to add to his retinue. This picture of the Wyoming fort was taken in 1876 by W. H. Jackson.

he slept late—often until ten or eleven o'clock—then had his bath, his breakfast, and possibly a small toddy before setting out on the day's hunt. Marcy, who knew both Gore and Bridger, states that the Irish lord usually hunted alone; others qualify this by saying that he rarely hunted unattended by six or seven men who acted as gun bearers or loaders or who flushed the game for the titled nimrod.³³

Frequently Gore did not complete his adventures until the moon was high overhead. After his dinner, he sometimes shared a few glasses of wine with his chief guide and read aloud to the illiterate mountaineer from some well-known literary work. Randolph Marcy's account of this aspect of the Gore-Bridger relationship in the wilderness of Wyoming and Montana is in itself something of a classic and bears repeating in full:

His favorite author was Shakspeare [*sic*], which Bridger "reckon'd was a leetle too high-falutin for him;" moreover, he remarked that he "rayther calculated that thar big Dutchman, Mr. Full-stuff, was a leetle bit too fond of lager beer," and suggested that probably it might have been better for the old man if he had imbibed the same amount of alcohol in the more condensed medium of good old Bourbon whisky.

Bridger seemed deeply interested in the adventures of Baron Munchausen, but admitted, after the reading was finished, that "he be dogond ef he swallered every thing that thar Baren Mount-chawson said, and, he thout he was a durn'd liar." Yet, upon further reflection, he acknowledged that some of his own experience among the Blackfeet would be equally marvelous, "*ef writ down in a book.*"

One evening Sir George entertained his auditor by reading to him Sir Walter Scott's account of the battle of Waterloo, and afterward asked him

if he did not regard that as the most sanguinary battle he had ever heard of. To which Bridger replied, "Wall, now Mr. Gore, that thar must 'a bin a considible of a skrimmage, dogon my skin ef it mustn't; them Britishers must 'a fit better thar than they did down to Horleans, whar Old Hickry gin um the forkedest sort o' chain-lightnin' that prehaps you ever did see in all yer born days!" And upon Sir George's expressing a little incredulity in regard to the estimate Bridger placed upon this battle, the latter added, "You can jist go yer pile on it, Mr. Gore—you can, as sure as yer born."³⁴

As the hunt progressed, the "Noblest Roamer of Them All," as Parkhill calls Gore, moved deliberately with his party down the Powder to its junction with the Yellowstone. The expedition then turned left up the Yellowstone, followed to the mouth of the Tongue, then swung up that stream. There, about eight miles above the confluence of the Tongue and the Yellowstone Rivers, on what later became the Fort Keogh military reservation, Gore erected a small fort of his own and prepared to spend the Montana winter.³⁵

Unfortunately, however, Henry Bostwick, the able wagon boss who had joined the expedition at Laramie and who was later killed at the Battle of the Big Hole,³⁶ accidentally set the timber on fire and destroyed all the

³³ J. Hudson Snow (April, 1860) in Report of Brevet Brigadier General W. F. Reynolds, on the exploration of the Yellowstone and the country drained by that River, *Senate Executive Document No. 77*, 40 Cong., 1 Sess. (1867), 160. Serial 1317.

³⁴ Marcy, *Thirty Years*, 403; Bradlev, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, IX (1923), 249-250.

³⁵ Marcy, *Thirty Years*, 403-404.

³⁶ Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 129; Coutant, *History of Wyoming*, I, 326. According to Alfred Vaughan, Indian Agent for the Upper Missouri, this fort was 100 feet square and was used by Gore for illegal trading with the Indians. Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Union, July 1856), H.S.M.

³⁷ Anne McDonnell (ed.), "Fort Sarpy Journal, 1855-1856," *Contributions*, X (1940), 301, n.279.

grass in the immediate area, making it necessary to seek new grazing grounds. The party then divided: one group wintered at the fort; Gore and the others spent the cold months in make-shift quarters nearer the mouth of the Tongue. For himself and his favorite horse, a Kentucky thoroughbred called Steel Trap, Gore had built a small log cabin. Although each man that winter was required to gather at least 125 pounds of cottonwood bark as forage for the animals, Sir St. George fed Steel Trap aristocratically on corn meal.³⁷

It was at the camp on Tongue River that the expedition lost its only man in its three-year existence—a hand known only as “Uno” who succumbed from apparently natural causes and was duly interred with decent Christian observance.³⁸ Here, too, came Gore’s first difficulties with the Indians. They resented the wanton slaughter of their game to satisfy the white man’s sporting appetite and were always alert for an opportunity to indulge in their favorite pastime of horse stealing. A band of Piegans successfully ran off twenty-one horses, even though they were followed some sixty miles by members of the expedition, until the trail was obliterated by a heavy snowstorm that forced the pursuers to return to their camp on the Tongue.³⁹ Later in the winter, the Bloods made a similar attempt to steal mounts but were foiled by an aroused camp which wounded one of the raiders, Big Plume, brother-in-law of Alexander Culbertson, long the chief agent

of the American Fur Company on the Upper Missouri.⁴⁰ Despite these experiences with “thieving redskins,” Gore seems to have maintained fair relations with the Indians and even carried on trade with them, much to the consternation of the Federal Indian Agent at Fort Union.⁴¹

As the first tender shoots of grass pushed their way upward in the spring of 1856, Gore broke camp, moved up the Tongue, crossed over to the Rosebud, then went up to the head of that stream to Wolf Mountain in search of the Crow Indians, with whom he traded for fresh horses.⁴² After hunting along the Rosebud and into the side country, he returned to the mouth of the Tongue, where he had two large wooden flatboats constructed. Part of his men used these to float down the Yellowstone, while Gore and the remainder trekked overland with the vehicles, hunting enroute.⁴³

In mid-June, James Chambers noted the arrival of Gore at Fort Sarpy, located on the right bank of the Yellowstone, about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Big Horn.⁴⁴ Late in the following month Chambers recorded being with Alfred J. Vaughan, Indian Agent for the Upper Missouri,⁴⁵ searching for the Crows and encountering the Irish nobleman. “Cross’d the Miss in Sir George Gore’s Boats,” he wrote,

³⁷ Bradley, “Sir George Gore’s Expedition,” *Contributions*, IX (1923), 247.

³⁸ Heldt, “Sir George Gore’s Expedition,” *Contributions*, I (1876), 129. A standard story is that Gore wrote the relatives of the deceased and offered to send home the remains. When the family declined, he had a coffin made from a wagon bed and “Uno” was buried in a grave enclosed in a log mausoleum near where the Tongue and the Yellowstone come together. Bradley, “Sir George Gore’s Expedition,” *Contributions*, IX (1923), 248; Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 136. There is no mention of the name of the dead man’s family or how Gore was able to communicate with them.

³⁹ Bradley, “Sir George Gore’s Expedition,” *Contributions*, IX (1923), 247-248. “Buffalo Bill” Cody’s version of this clash differs slightly and is in keeping with his general emphasis on drama at the expense of truth. The Indians ran off Gore’s horses in the Big Horn country, says Cody. “and there was nothing for him and his men to do but foot it, a hundred and fifty miles back to Laramie, leaving some of their companions dead on the field of battle.” Cody, “Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains,” *The Cosmopolitan*, XVII (June, 1894), 132.

⁴⁰ Bradley, “Sir George Gore’s Expeditions,” *Contributions*, IX (1923), 248. Culbertson, a Pennsylvanian, was in the Upper Missouri country as early as 1833. By 1848 he was in charge of the American Fur Company’s posts on the Upper Missouri and the Yellowstone. About 1840 he married the very striking Nawahista Iksana (“Medicine Snake Woman”), daughter of a Blood chieftain. Anne McDonnell (ed.), “Fort Benton Journal, 1854-1856,” *Contributions*, X (1940), 234, 240-242; *Contributions*, IX (1923), 341-342.

⁴¹ Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Union, July 1856). H.S.M.

⁴² Heldt, “Sir George Gore’s Expedition,” *Contributions*, I (1876), 129.

⁴³ Bradley says that Gore discharged a number of men, including Bridger, as he broke up the Tongue River camp. Bradley, “Sir George Gore’s Expedition,” *Contributions*, IX (1923), 248. J. Cecil Alter contends that Bridger accompanied Gore to Fort Berthold later in the year. J. Cecil Alter, *James Bridger* (Salt Lake City, 1925), 269.

⁴⁴ McDonnell, “Fort Sarpy Journal,” *Contributions*, X (1940), 174. The exact date of this entry is uncertain, except that it was made in June sometime after the seventeenth.

⁴⁵ Vaughan (1801-1871) was born in Virginia and entered the Indian Service in 1842. Agent for the Osage in 1845 and sub-agent for the Iowas, Sacs, and Foxes from 1848 to 1849, he became Agent for the Upper Missouri probably in 1853 and four years later was put in charge of the Blackfeet. *Ibid.*, 272; Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana* (San Francisco, 1890), 691-692.

"—drank several glasses of Mountain dew with Sir George & camp'd at the lake with Lieut [Gouverneur] Warren . . ."⁴⁶ Warren, on a Government exploring expedition up the Yellowstone, found water transportation unavailable, but was able to purchase vehicles from Gore and proceeded immediately by land.⁴⁷

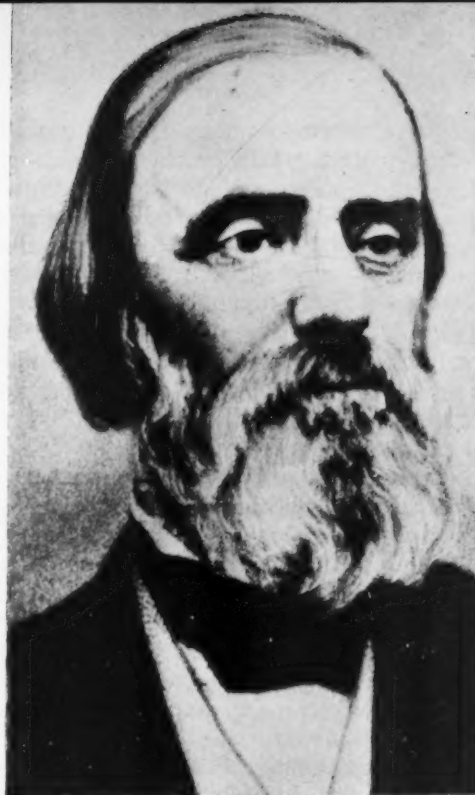
From Fort Sarpy and then Fort Union in the summer of 1856, the itinerary and the chronology for the remainder of the hunt become slightly blurred. Sometime before winter Gore's safari swung southward up the Little Missouri into the Black Hills. There on the headwaters of the Belle Fourche, according to one account, gold was discovered, but the find was hushed up successfully by Sir St. George. This story stems solely from Jeremiah Proteau, who joined the expedition at Fort Laramie as hunter and teamster, and who made no mention of the alleged episode until 1877, after the Black Hills gold rush had occurred.

As Proteau relates it, he and Lamourie, another of Gore's employees, were at the falls of a stream known as Swift or Rapid Creek, one of the tributaries of the Cheyenne.

As we were standing by the falls I noticed some yellow-looking stuff in the water, and I said to Lamourie—"By George, there's gold!"

I took off my shirt and scooped up three double handfuls of the yellow stuff, and put it in my shirt. Then Lamourie and I went back to camp. Sir George noticed me as we reached camp, and asked me what I had in my shirt. I said, "Gold." He then looked at it a little while, when [sic] he said, "O no, Jerry, that's not gold; that's mica." I was not very well posted about gold and thought Sir George was. He took it and put it in two black bottles, and placed them in his chest. The next day we marched out of the Black Hills, and two or three days after Bridger told me that Sir George told him it *was* gold. Sir George also told Lamourie that if he would prospect on the head of Swift creek he would find rich gold⁴⁸ there.

Later writers contend that Gore hastened to withdraw from the Black Hills in order that his men might not desert him to search for riches.⁴⁹ One more enterprising popularizer suggests



Alexander Culbertson, long undisputed "king" on behalf of the American Fur company, became enraged over the hunting excesses committed by Sir St. George Gore and his western safari. Culbertson also had a personal reason for his growing antagonism toward the noble Irish hunter.

that Gore effectively silenced Proteau with doubling his wages for a month.⁵⁰ "Twenty years were to elapse before gold was rediscovered in the Black Hills," says Parkhill. "Had Gore proclaimed his discovery, the Deadwood country would have been settled two decades earlier and warfare with the Indians might have assumed vast proportions."⁵¹

In all likelihood Parkhill places too much faith in Proteau's rather improbable tale. Where in the world has free

⁴⁶ McDonnell, "Fort Sarpy Journal," *Contributions*, X (1940), 174. Entry for July 24, 1856.

⁴⁷ Warren was in command of a small detachment of the Second Infantry under orders to examine the Yellowstone River. No mackinaw boats were available at Fort Union, but with the vehicles obtained from Gore, he started up the river overland on July 25. *Explorations in Nebraska*. Preliminary report of Lieut. G. K. Warren, Topographical Engineer, to Captain A. A. Humphreys, Topographical Engineers, in charge of Office of Explorations and Surveys, War Department, in *Report of the Secretary of War for 1858*, 627. Serial 975.

⁴⁸ Strahorn, *Hand-book of Wyoming*, 221-222.

⁴⁹ Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 138. Proteau, however, states that the expedition left the Black Hills because of the Indian Menace. Strahorn, *Hand-book of Wyoming*, 222.

⁵⁰ McCray, "The Damnedest Hunt in the World," *True*, XXV (October, 1955), 74.

gold ever been found by the handfuls? Where were the falls on Rapid Creek so artistically portrayed and labelled "Proteau's Gold Mine" to accompany Proteau's narrative in 1877?⁵² Very likely the story—which clearly demonstrates the superiority of hindsight over foresight—is merely another of the romantic legends that grew up around the Gore expedition. Actually, there are variations of the account which ascribe the discovery of gold to other members of the party and in at least two different locales. Some insist that gold was found by Louis Dapron and two others attached to the expedition in 1854, before Proteau ever became a member, while the group was about seventy-five miles southwest of Fort Laramie in what later became Albany County, Wyoming.⁵³ Other sources accept the basic outline of the story, mentioning no names, but place it in a Colorado setting. "This is gold," Gore is supposed to have said, "but I did not come here to seek gold! I don't need it. This is a pleasure hunt."⁵⁴

In the meantime, gold discovery or none, Gore's relations with both Indians and whites in the Upper Missouri country were deteriorating. At Fort Union, where the Yellowstone flows into the Missouri, Alexander Culbertson had long held sway as undisputed "King" on behalf of the American Fur Company. Now neither Culbertson nor Indian Agent Alfred Vaughan viewed Gore's presence with less than dissatisfaction. Perhaps the wounding of Big

Plume, Culbertson's brother-in-law, by Gore's men in the abortive Blood raid on the Tongue River camp in the winter of 1855-1856, accounted for at least part of Culbertson's antagonism toward the Irish huntsman. Much of Vaughan's antipathy undoubtedly stemmed from an honest belief that, even at this early date, the Indian game supply suffered severely and needlessly from such large-scale hunting depredations.

When Vaughan and Gore first met in the summer of 1856 near Fort Union, the Indian Agent had challenged the Irishman's right to hunt in Indian Territory. Gore produced a passport dated May 24, 1854, and issued in St. Louis by Colonel Alfred Cumming, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Central Division. Vaughan immediately protested that Gore had violated not only his passport but the Indian intercourse laws as well. On several occasions he complained to his superiors that Gore had traded with the Crows in all types of Indian goods, including powder and ball. He protested against the killing and scattering of game vital to the sustenance of the red man, merely so that nobility might enjoy itself.⁵⁵ "What can I do against so large a number of men coming into a country like this so very remote from civilization; and doing & acting as they please," he grumbled to Cumming. "Nothing, I assure you beyond apprising you of the facts on paper."⁵⁶

Through channels Cumming passed these comments on to George Manypenny, U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs.⁵⁷ Another interested bystander, M. C. Meiggs, wrote directly to the Secretary of the Interior, in December, 1856, with more concern than accuracy, that Gore had killed at least 6,000 buffalo. "We punish an Indian for killing

⁵² Parkhill, *Wildest of the West*, 138. Beebe and Clegg parrot Parkhill concerning this episode and even include what is represented to be a drawing of part of Gore's party fishing in the Black Hills. Beebe and Clegg, *The American West*, 370. The clothing of the four men in the drawing, however, mark it as being of a later period, not of the 1850's. The Culver Service, to which it is credited, is now unable to turn up either the picture or information concerning it.

⁵³ See Lloyd McFarling (ed.), *Exploring the Northern Plains 1804-1876* (Caldwell, 1955), 287.

⁵⁴ Coutant, *History of Wyoming*, I, 325. Henry Chatillon relates that Gore broke camp immediately upon hearing of the discovery and that Dapron later tried unsuccessfully to locate the site where gold had been found. Chatillon to *Denver Evening Post* (Cripple Creek, August 20, 1897). Velma Linford states that one Captain Douglass, a member of the expedition, returned with colors to Gore's camp, near modern Centennial, Wyoming. Gore was disinterested, but the creek on which the gold had been found was named Douglas Creek and there was mining on it later. Linford, "The Grand Encampment," *The Westerners Brand Book*, IV (1949), 5.

⁵⁵ Federal Writers' Project, *Colorado* (New York, 1941), 288.

⁵⁶ Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Union, July 1856). H.S.M.; Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Pierre, November 9, 1856). Upper Missouri Letters Received, 1856. C620. Bureau of Indian Affairs, National Archives.

⁵⁷ Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Union, July 1856). H.S.M.; Cumming to George Manypenny (St. Louis, December 12, 1856). Upper Missouri Letters Received, 1856. C620. B.I.A.

⁵⁸ M. C. Meiggs to Secretary of Interior Robert McClelland (Washington, December 20, 1856). Central Superintendency Letters Received, 1856. M234. B.I.A.

a settler's cow for food," pointed out Meiggs. "How can such destruction of their game be permitted by their friends in the Government of the United States?"⁵⁸

Superintendent Cumming then suggested, and Commissioner Manypenny concurred, that the Federal Government take legal action to recover from Gore all pelts, skins, antlers, and other trophies taken from hunting grounds reserved for the Indians. These might then be sold and the proceeds applied for the benefit of the maligned redskins.⁵⁹ The Secretary of Interior, however, advocated more restraint, especially since an alien was involved. Besides, he suggested, would not the cost of legal process be more than the value of the trophies in question? The Superintendents of Indian Affairs "should be instructed to be more cautious, in future, in granting strangers privileges that can be so abused."⁶⁰

If Gore was blissfully unaware of this exchange of views in the nation's capitol, he was not unacquainted with troubles on the Upper Missouri. At one point, a raid by the Sioux seriously disrupted his itinerary and brought forth a string of Gaelic invectives from the usually imperturbable hunter.⁶¹ William F. Cody's interesting but unreliable narrative declares that Gore "actually proposed to Uncle Sam to whip the entire Sioux nation at his own expense, and vowed that he could, in thirty days,

equip a little army of his own, which would wipe those murderous thieves from the face of the earth."⁶² No account previous to Cody's mentions such an offer and none appears in Government files. Very likely it is simply another bit of folklore that has become a part of the Gore saga.

At Fort Union, Gore dickered with Alexander Culbertson for transportation down the Missouri. Culbertson agreed to provide mackinaw boats and to purchase the Irishman's surplus wagons and equipment, but through some misunderstanding as to terms, Gore came to believe that Culbertson was attempting to gouge him in the highly civilized way in this uncivilized wilderness.⁶³ Gore's reaction was explosive. "He seems to have been mercurial, wrathful, effervescent, and reckless, and heedless of the consequences, he would not stand the terms prescribed."⁶⁴ Rather than deal with Culbertson, he had three of his wagons, twenty carts, harness, and a large amount of Indian goods and unneeded supplies piled on the river bank in front of the fort and burned under armed guard. At night he had the iron that remained from the fire thrown into the river, that none might be salvaged and utilized. His surplus livestock were sold cheaply or given away to the riffraff whites and Indians who hung around the trading post. The expedition was now "decimated by mutual consent" and proceeded to Fort Berthold.⁶⁵

It may have been a moral victory that Gore won over Culbertson but it was a costly one. Gore had salvaged his personal belongings and his trophies to take down the river with him,⁶⁶ but the community at Fort Berthold had been forewarned of the approach of a

⁵⁸ Manypenny to McClelland (Washington, January 13, 1857). Copy. Report Book No. 10, 42-43. B.I.A.

⁵⁹ McClelland to Manypenny (Washington, January 16, 1857). Upper Missouri Letters Received, 1857. 1407. B.I.A.

⁶¹ Vaughan reported rumors late in 1856 that Gore and twelve of his men had been murdered by Blackfeet and Sioux in the area between the mouth of the Yellowstone and Fort Pierre. Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Pierre, November 9, 1856). Upper Missouri Letters Received, 1856. C620. B.I.A. Later, on Christmas Day, Vaughan reported the savages peaceful and Gore safe in winter quarters at Fort Berthold. "... His detention in the country I learn is occasioned by the unkind treatment he says of the Blackfeet & Uncpappas breaking in upon his travelling arrangements," wrote Vaughan. Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Pierre, December 25, 1856). Upper Missouri Letters Received, 1857. C736. B.I.A. Proteau says that the Sioux raid occurred as the expedition was heading back up the Little Missouri from the Black Hills adventure. Strahorn, *Hand-book of Wyoming*, 222. Louis Sears, a Dakota pioneer, later recalled that Gore had wintered (1855-1856) near the mouth of the Little Missouri and that the Sioux stole all his horses and plundered his wagons. *Collections of the State Historical Society of North Dakota*, I (1906), 349. The date used by Sears is in error, unless this is a reference to the Piegan and Blood raids on Gore's Tongue River camp.

⁶² Cody, "Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains," *The Cosmopolitan*, XVII (June, 1894), 132.

⁶³ Henry Bostwick says that Culbertson agreed to construct two mackinaw boats and to take the stock, wagons, and equipment at a stipulated price. Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 130. Bradley says that Gore engaged one mackinaw boat from Culbertson at the rate of one dollar per foot. Bradley, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, IX (1923), 249.

⁶⁴ Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 129.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*; Bradley, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, IX (1923), 249.



rich Irish nobleman and promptly boosted prices for the occasion. That Gore did not appreciate these attempts to profit at his expense any more than he had those of Culbertson is indicated by the fact that during the remainder of the 1856-1857 winter he generally restricted his purchases to basic necessities.⁶⁷ In fact, during most of the frozen months he eschewed the company of the whites at Berthold and lived in rude tribal quarters with Crow's Breast, one of the local Hidatsa chiefs. But as soon as the ice went out in the spring of 1857, Gore was off down the Missouri for St. Louis and ultimately his Irish homeland.⁶⁸ He was to make one more trip to America before his death in 1878, this time to the Florida Everglades, not to the great West.⁶⁹

⁶⁷ J. Cecil Alter says that Gore and the remainder of his party made the journey to Berthold by canoe. Alter, *James Bridger*, 268. Heldt, quoting Bostwick, says that he used the two flatboats that had been constructed at the mouth of the Tongue. Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 130. Contemporary Letters from Agent Vaughan, however, indicate that what remained of Gore's party split: the two flatboats, loaded with trophies, came down the Missouri under the care of four men; Gore and twelve others went overland. Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Pierre, November 9, 1856). Upper Missouri Letters Received, 1856. C620. B.I.A.; Vaughan to Cumming (Fort Pierre, December 25, 1856). Upper Missouri Letters Received, 1857. C736. B.I.A.

⁶⁸ One notable exception occurred when a Berthold contractor, from whom Gore had purchased beef at fifty dollars a head, raised the price fifty per cent. Gore promptly bought fifty head from a rival of the first, not because he needed more than half a dozen, but simply to teach a moral lesson. Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 131.

⁶⁹ *Ibid.*: Years later, Captain Jean-Baptiste La Barge mentioned that he had carried Gore and his outfit aboard his steamer on the Missouri, but no dates are given. Lucile M. Kane (trans. and ed.), *Military Life in Dakota: The Journal of Philippe Regis de Trobriand* (St. Paul, 1951), 303. James Fisk also recorded later that he had met Gore in 1858, when the latter was returning "from a hunting excursion from the Black Hills to the Jefferson fork of the Missouri." Expedition of Captain Fisk to the Rocky Mountains, *House Executive Document* No. 45, 38 Cong., 1 Sess. (1863-1864), 34. Serial 1189. Fisk's memory was poor in this instance: the date was probably 1856.

⁷⁰ Heldt says that the Everglades trip was in 1875. Heldt, "Sir George Gore's Expedition," *Contributions*, I (1876), 128. Cody contends that it came the year after the completion of the western hunt—or 1858. Cody, "Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains," *The Cosmopolitan*, XVII (June, 1894), 132-133.

And so the Big Hunt of Sir St. George Gore came to a close. It had cost an estimated half million dollars, had covered at least 6,000 miles of rugged terrain—much of it uncharted—and it had consumed the better part of three years. By Gore's own admission, the expedition had slaughtered 2,000 buffalo, 1,600 deer and elk, and 105 bears—a carnage executed purely in the name of sport.

For Gore, the experience had undoubtedly been a rewarding one. In the words of Marcy, he was:

... one of those enthusiastic, ardent sportsmen who derived more real satisfaction and pleasure from one day's successful hunting than can possibly be imagined by those who have never participated in this exhilarating and healthful amusement. Besides, he returned home with a renovated constitution, good health and spirits, and a new lease of perhaps ten years to his life, and finally, he had seen something of life out of the ordinary beaten track of the great mass of other tourists.⁷⁰

In Colorado, Gore Canyon, Gore Pass, and the Gore Range perpetuate the name of this sporting baronet.⁷¹ Yet he contributed little that was tangible to the unfolding drama of western development. If his exploits represented the adventuresome spirit of the times, they also showed man's wasteful and destructive nature at its worst. But Sir St. George Gore differed from other sportsmen of his era and later only in that his persistence was greater, his stay was longer, his expedition more fabulous and his purse was deeper than most.

⁷⁰ Marcy, *Thirty Years*, 402-403.

⁷¹ Glendive, Montana, seat of Dawson County, was named for Glendive Creek—a corruption of Glendale, the name originally given it by Gore. Federal Writers' Project, *Montana* (New York, 1949), 186.

Reader's

Remuda



A Roundup of the new western books

Edited by Robert G. Athearn

"THE BLACKFEET, RAIDERS OF THE NORTHWESTERN PLAINS," by John C. Ewers. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1958. xviii, plus 348 pp. \$5.75). Our reviewer, Dr. Edgar I. Stewart, is a frequent contributor to this magazine. A professor of history at Eastern Washington College of Education, Cheney, he is a native of Michigan and received his education at the universities of Washington, Harvard, and California. His book *Custer's Luck* published in 1955 by the University of Oklahoma Press, is one of the most definitive studies of the Custer Battle ever to appear.

To date, one of the most neglected of all the Indian tribes of North America has been the Blackfeet. Together, the three sub-groups of which they were composed, the Bloods or Kainahs, the Pikuni or Piegans, and the Siksika or Blackfeet proper, made up one of the strongest native confederacies in the western hemisphere. With them were often associated the Atsina, who were not strictly speaking, Blackfeet. This group ranged across much of the Canadian and Northern American Middle West, their territory extending southward from the Saskatchewan River to the Platte, and on occasion, beyond. From east to west, their habitat or rather the region of their depredations, extended from the Missouri River to westward of the Rocky mountains, and they constituted a major obstacle to both American and British fur-traders operating in the valley of the Snake River. The relative lack of attention that they have

received at the hands of historians has been at least partially due to the fact that they were not as spectacular as the Sioux or Northern Cheyennes, although every bit as belligerent and bloodthirsty. But the Blackfeet had no leaders to catch the imagination of historians, the names of their chiefs were not as spectacular nor as eye-catching as were those of the Sioux such as Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. And there was no epic event like the Battle of the Little Big Horn River to fasten the attention of the American people upon the tribe, with the result they are much less well-known than they deserve.

One Canadian official, replying to the reproof of an American fur-trader who implied that the Canadians had incited the Blackfeet to hostility against the Americans, answered truthfully that even a casual acquaintance with the Blackfeet would convince anyone that it was unnecessary to incite them to hostility against anyone, under any circumstances. Among the tribes' other claims is that they almost succeeded in driving the Americans out of the region that comprises the greater part of the present state of Montana. And it must be noted in passing that their lack of success was not due to the military opposition of the Americans, but to a more subtle method of conquest, the use of fire-water and the decimation brought about by disease, especially the small pox. The systematic introduction of this scourge by unscrupulous fur traders among the native peoples of the continent, who had built up no immunity against it, constitutes one of the most shameful examples of man's inhumanity to man in recorded history.

But there is no longer any valid reason for ignorance concerning this important tribe, for in the volume under review John C. Ewers has summarized the results of almost a life-time of research and given



Two Guns White Calf

us a carefully documented study of Blackfoot legend and history. Mr. Ewers, who was the first Curator of the Museum of the Plains Indians, at Browning, Montana, and who in the past has devoted many a scholarly monograph on this tribe, writes from the fullness of his knowledge, a knowledge so intimate and detailed that he occasionally forgets that his readers do not all have his background of information. But the only criticism that this reviewer, as a professional historian can make, is to express the regret that more attention was not given to the chronological development of the narrative, that there is too much anthropology and not enough history. To others that will constitute a merit rather than a defect.

There is an index and a bibliography, and the format is beyond reproach. Mr. Ewers is to be congratulated on having written so excellent a book, and the University of Oklahoma Press for having published it as one of the finest volumes of their Civilization of the American Indian Series. It is to be hoped that the volume will receive a recognition and a sale commensurate with its merits.

"LAND OF GIANTS, THE DRIVE TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, 1750-1950," by David Lavender. (Doubleday and Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1958, x plus 468 pp. \$5.95). This review by Andrew F. Rolle appeared in the February issue of *The Frontier*, Los Angeles. Mr. Rolle is an associate professor of history at Occidental College, Los Angeles.

David Lavender belongs to that successful coterie of professional writers about the West which includes Oscar Lewis, Lucius Beebe, Paul Wellman, Stewart Holbrook, and Irving Stone. They are superior craftsmen, although not trained historians. For such writers, as Oscar Lewis himself once put it, "The Old West has become Big Business. . ." Almost always facile, and writing most frequently of the excitement, color, and "romance" of the West, such writers have become the major purveyors of "western history" to the masses. Focusing their attention as well upon the heroic, or the bizarre and exotic aspects of western America, their works occasionally evoke dramatic intensity.

Typical of this form of writing is the "Mainstream of America" series, of which *Land of Giants* is a volume. The purpose of the series is to present a popular interpretation in narrative form "of this nation's history—from the earliest days of exploration to the re-

cent days of turmoil and achievement." While these volumes do successfully make history "come alive," they are not history, as some professional historians (who do not write nearly as well as various authors in the series) would interpret the word. Such a book as *Land of Giants* rests, basically, upon the research of dozens of historians cited in its bibliography, historians who, with few exceptions, have not demonstrated the stylistic ability to integrate for popular audiences such large blocks of recorded time as Lavender attempts.

During the two hundred years of history treated by Lavender, the Pacific Northwest experienced some phenomenal changes. Into a country of big trees, big rivers, and big spaces came first English and Spanish mariners, searching for a northwest passage to the riches of the Orient. Following the North Pacific explorations of the Dane, Vitus Bering, Russian fur traders moved down out of the Aleutians to seek sea otter and seal in the waters from Alaska southward. Next came overland traffic in the nineteenth century; following upon the explorations of Lewis and Clark were various American trapping companies anxiously "competing for control of the fur-rich rivers and streams." American and English pathfinders like Jedediah Smith and Peter Skene Ogden became the pathmarkers for more official explorers like Fremont. And together explorers, mountain men, and also missionaries, prepared the way for a veritable procession of settlers. Here one finds Marcus Whitman, Jesse Applegate, old John McLaughlin, and other early leaders of the Northwest. While the scope of his book prevents Lavender from treating any one of these frontier types in great detail, he does sketch the process of western settlement rather concisely.

An objection that the academic historian might raise to such treatment concerns the fact that seldom does the narrative dwell at any length upon those wearing and routine processes of the frontier that made daily pioneer life tedious and enervating. The unknown down-and-out dirt farmers who lived in leaky log cabins need more space in a book such as this along with varmints, villains, trappers, Indians, explorers, and other stock characters of western life. This reviewer would also wish for treatment of the foreign immigrant; the Northwest was not exclusively an Anglo-Saxon frontier.

Discussion of the growth of railroads, steamship lines, fishing, and lumbering, into the twentieth century, is commendable. And Lavender does not confine himself to the niceties of history, he has much to say about ruthless sacrificing of the Indian, the violent labor conflicts of the 1920's, the fight of the conservationists "to slow down the ravages on natural resources and wildlife." He is also concerned with urban development, particularly the mushrooming of new cities like Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and Vancouver.

For the layman, who is not looking for the particularities of history, such a book as this, in the words of William O. Douglas, "brings history to life and gives one a sense of participation in moulding the manifest destiny of America." Excellent maps accompany the book.

"CENTENNIAL COLORADO: ITS EXCITING STORY," by Robert G. Athearn and Carl Ubbelohde. (E. L. Chambers, Inc., Denver, Colo., 1959. 95 pp., ill., \$1.98). The authors are both members of the department of history faculty, University of Colorado. Dr. Athearn, who is our book review editor, is a leading writer on Western history. From his erudite pen have come *Westward the Briton* in 1953 and *William Tecumseh Sherman* in 1956, plus many articles which have appeared in Western historical journals and periodicals. His colleague, Dr. Ubbelohde, is presently completing a full-scale study of Colorado history. Dr. Clifford P. Westermeyer, our reviewer, teaches history at the University of Arkansas.

On December 19, 1857, a news item GOLD REGIONS IN KANSAS appeared in the *True Democrat*, Little Rock, Arkansas. According to George Butler, United States Indian agent in the Creek Nation, "a portion of Kansas between the 38th and 39th parallels, near Pike's Peak, on the South Platte, is auriferous. Mr. Beck, from the mining regions of north Georgia, has visited that part of the territory, and says that, for three hundred miles around, gold may be obtained." According to a later report in the same newspaper, May 25, 1858, this Mr. Beck was a half-breed Cherokee Indian who headed a company of Cherokees on a "Gold Expedition to South Platte." Early autumn found the gold-seekers crowding the frontiers of Arkansas, Kansas, and Missouri for their mad dash to the mines. The "Rush to the Rockies" was on!

The Athearn-Ubbelohde book, *Centennial Colorado: Its Exciting Story*, appears at this time to honor the occasion of that gold discovery. Concise and colorful, the story moves with celerity to place at readers' finger tips historical Colorado from alpha to omega—cliffdweller to dude wrangler. While the authors make no pretense that their story is a complete history of Colorado, it is loaded with historical fact, streamlined and molded to inform and charm, without pain, native or visitor. Across its pages, in true Turnerian fashion, march explorer, fur trader, miner, cattleman, and farmer, until the reader grows envious with regret that he was not a participant in this shaping of history.

If the building and the mastery of an empire should pall and grow mundane, excitement and adventure is here in the dark clouds of civil war, the flaming terror of Indian depredations, the glittering web of the rails of the Iron Horse, the passionate battle cries of "Silver Saint" and "Gold Bug." In a grand conclusion the authors assure the reader that "Cool, Colorful, Colorado" beckons him in all its majestic grandeur and its exhilarating climate whose "health-giving" qualities have the effect of a Miltown. It's all summed up in the closing flourish, "Happily, this gold is inexhaustible."

Centennial Colorado is a flashy little volume. By some it might be classed as a "pot-boiler;" however,

that would be unjust, for it is written with verve and is historically sound. While a more durable edition is forthcoming, this paper-cover edition is particularly well designed for the job it must do. It will inform, lure, and delight the visitor and, if prediction is not out of order, it will be the Colorado Baedeker in the hip pocket of the Levis on many a tourist. In line with the prophetic words of the *Kansas Weekly Press*, September 4, 1858: GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!! GOLD!!!! HARD TO GET AND HEAVY TO HOLD, *Centennial Colorado* should prove to be quite a little gold mine in itself during this "Rush to the Rockies" and for years to come.

* * *

"THE BANNOCK OF IDAHO" by Brigham D. Madsen. (The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Ida., 1958. 382 pp., 16 ill. \$5.00). Our reviewer, Dr. Robert H. Lister, is a professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado, Boulder. He is well known for his anthropological investigations and field work in the West.

This book achieves two purposes. First, it presents a well documented picture of the Bannock Indians from the time of their first recognition until 1900. On the other hand, it describes a series of events, ultimately leading to reservation life, that was repeated time after time among numerous Indian groups in our country. It was the same story for many others although the settings varied, the principals differed, and the circumstances were not always similar to those which affected the Bannock.

Mr. Madsen's first description of Bannock culture shows the process of acculturation already at work. He relates that by 1700 they had acquired the horse from Indians to the south and were adopting many Plains Indian traits. Thereafter, for the next 200 years, one period of change and adjustment follows another. First, there are dealings with trappers, then emigrants crossing Rockies, and finally missionaries and settlers. The Fort Hall reservation was established in 1869. It was penetrated by railroad rights-of-way and town sites, and it shrank in size as portions of it were ceded to white settlers. In 1900 the Bannock gave up their treaty rights to hunt on public lands outside the reservation, and the cycle of change was practically completed. No longer were they buffalo hunters and warriors. Now they were farmers.

Between 1700 and 1900 the history of the Bannock is a series of contradictions and misunderstandings. They are "savage warriors" at times—"friendly neighbors" on other occasions; treaties are made and broken—frequently because of cultural differences between the parties involved; government supplies are granted the Bannock—but delivered to the Eastern Shoshoni Wind River Reservation in Wyoming; policies of administrators, local and national, varied with regularity.

The *Bannock of Idaho* is recommended reading. It is well written and authoritative. In the story it tells, the Indian is the loser.

"DID CUSTER DISOBEY ORDERS AT THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN?" by Dr. Charles Kuhlman. (The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1957. 55 pp. \$1.50). The reviewer, Dr. Robert W. Mardock, a contributor to this magazine, is teaching at Kansas State College, Emporia. His specialties are Indians, Indian-military relations, and the High Plains country generally. He is currently at work on a book dealing with the humanitarians and the American Indian.

This latest study by Montanan, Dr. Kuhlman, supplements his earlier work, *Legend into History* (Stackpole, 1951). Essentially, it is a refutation of Colonel Robert P. Hughes' anti-Custer article published in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* (January, 1896). According to Kuhlman, Colonel Hughes (chief of staff and brother-in-law of General Terry) resorted to deliberate falsehoods, apparently believing that to save the military reputation of Terry, it was "necessary to destroy that of Custer." If, as the author states, the Colonel's distorted version has served for the past sixty years as the "main arsenal" for the Custer critics, then this forthright rebuttal is more than warranted. Kuhlman has concluded that such controversial factors as distances, number and location of the Indians, and the terrain involved—as well as military reports and dispatches—were often either ignored, or deliberately falsified by Colonel Hughes, in order to support the case against Custer. Kuhlman's logical interpretation of the evidence is a convincing antidote to Hughes' accusations. Though brief (55 pages), and not a hardback, Dr. Kuhlman's analysis of the Custer controversy will be of particular interest to students of post-Civil War military-Indian problems.

* * *

"UNIVERSITY OF THE NORTHERN PLAINS: A History of the University of North Dakota, 1883-1958" by Louis G. Geiger. (Grand Forks, University of North Dakota Press, 1958. xvi, 491 pp., footnotes, illustrations, bibliography, appendix, index. \$5.00.) Dr. Paul W. Morrison, our reviewer, is a professor of history at State Teachers College, Minot, N. Dak.

In the fall of 1883, "on the windy chilly prairie more than a mile west of the boom town of Grand Forks," the University of the Northern Plains was born. Founded on the "high optimism of the North Dakota dream, this institution of higher learning has finally come of age at its seventy-fifth anniversary. Louis G. Geiger, one of its own history professors, has written a fascinating chronicle to celebrate this event. Although filled with a mass of detail—faculty

lists, budget figures, curriculum changes, student activities—the author weaves his many facts into a clear and stimulating story.

Classes began in September, 1884, in a half finished \$30,000 building with a four man \$5,000 faculty. Of the 79 students who enrolled, no one qualified for college courses, and only 24 survived to the following June. Bundled into one classroom building, the President and students with the janitor and his family lived and studied and ate their meals together. "The janitor carved and the President asked the blessing."

For 15 years it was a struggle to survive political upheavals, legislative interference, economic reversals, faculty squabbles, and practical competition from the Agricultural College. The author brilliantly portrays the role of two presidents, Webster Merrifield, 1891-1909, and Frank L. McVey, 1909-1917. "The high value set on character and culture by Merrifield and . . . the emphasis placed upon scholarship . . . and leadership and service to the state by McVey" have remained the keynote of this institution's tradition. Professor Geiger describes frankly and accurately the academic censure and the troubled decline under Thomas F. Kane in the difficult twenties, and the long climb upward under John C. West through "the depression, the Second World War and the era of the GI." Vignettes of student life, athletics, and academic achievements are included in appropriate amounts. Especially well explained is the helpful guidance of the governing board and the fluctuating influence of North Dakota economic life and politics.

There are only a few minor weaknesses, such as inadequate footnotes, too much detail and a weak defense of the University's tendency to compete jealously with the state colleges instead of giving aid and leadership.

Written by a skilled historian, this volume is an outstanding contribution and a most welcome addition to the state's historical literature.

* * *

"WHO RUSH TO GLORY: The Cowboy Volunteers of 1898: Grigsby's Cowboys, Roosevelt's Rough Riders, Torrey's Rocky Mountain Riders," by Clifford P. Westermeier. (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Ida. 272 pp., illustrations, footnotes, index. \$6.00). Dr. David H. Stratton, our reviewer, is on the history department faculty of Baylor University. A contributor to this magazine, he is presently working on a book about Albert B. Fall.

"The improved cowboy is a new factor in modern warfare, and to see him in cavalry maneuver one could not but be impressed with the idea that he will be as potential as he is peculiar, as effective as he is daring," said a contemporary account of one of the cowboy cavalry regiments which participated in the Spanish-American War. Thus, in the same decade that Frederick Jackson Turner lamented the passing

of the frontier, the cowboy cavalryman became the apotheosis of the plainsman of open range days. This involved the exploits of the three reputedly cowboy regiments of 1898. The First Volunteer Cavalry Regiment (largely from the southwestern states and territories) was ultimately led by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; the Second (mostly from Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, and Idaho) and the Third (largely from the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Montana) were commanded by Colonels Jay L. Torrey and Melvin Grigsby respectively.

Never before (and not again until the era of TV) had the hardy characteristics of the cowboy—horsemanship, straight shooting, clean living, devotion to cause, and courage and perseverance—been so glorified before a public audience. The hungry yellow press of the day elaborated on each of these noble traits and presented to its readers the most intimate details concerning troop movements.

Professor Westermeier carefully records and assimilates many of these press reports, which are his main source of information. Since only a part of one regiment, Roosevelt's Rough Riders, actually got into battle, much of this account relates the agony of inactivity, the futile anticipation of battlefield glory, the tragedy of death resulting from stupid accidents and poor medical services, and the general bungling of the war. The many letters written home, which were often printed in local newspapers, provide much firsthand information.

Sometimes the author gives valuable assessments of newspaper statements. For instance, many newspapers argued the question of what proportion of the three regiments actually were cowboys or even westerners since Harvard students, lawyers, railroad workers, and others were also numerous. The author concludes that "enlistments revealed a preponderance of individuals engaged in the cattle industry." Some who read this book may wish for more evaluations of this sort. But this will not prevent general agreement that Professor Westermeier has written a fine book on the cowboy cavalrymen and their participation in that "splendid little war" of 1898.

* * *

"MONTANA: AN UNCOMMON LAND,"
by K. Ross Toole. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 1959. 276 pp., preface, illustrations, maps, bibliography. \$4.95.) Dr. Toole, former director of the Historical Society of Montana, is now director of the Museum of the City of New York. His book is reviewed by Dr. Robert Athearn, professor of history at the University of Colorado, and book review editor for this magazine.

Montana is more fortunate than most states. As a rule state histories are ponderous, fact-packed, and frequently quite unimaginative. Almost never are they particularly interpretive. But in a period of just over fifteen years there have appeared two excellent literary portraits of Montana: Joseph Kinsey

Howard's *Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome* (1943) and now K. Ross Toole's *Montana: An Uncommon Land*.

The latest book covers a broad sweep of time, from the coming of the white men down to the present. In a series of well integrated essays the author has dealt with the trappers, missionaries, gold rushes, Indians, military campaigns and local politics. He presents the facts, but in a manner that does not make the reader feel he is being deluged by them. Rather, the story goes along at a fast clip, proceeding logically from one development to the next, making it hard to find a good place to lay the book away.

Dr. Toole is at his best when he writes of Montana's industrial transition. His familiarity with the era of the Copper Kings is shown by a well-paced, well-balanced account of a frontier community's agonies as it tried to cope with the coming of high finance. The results were perhaps not appreciably more chaotic than those seen in other western states, but they certainly were dramatic enough to furnish an excellent case study.

Welcome reading is Toole's discussion of Montana politics during the Twenties, in which "The Company" (Anaconda Copper) engaged in titanic battles with various political St. Georges who were out to slay the dragon. Accompanying it is a chapter about the growing agricultural population of the state, entitled "The Honyocker." The mixture of "company politics" and agrarian discontent produced a political tumult that extended the day of the Populists into an era when there were no Populists.

The final chapter, "The Montana Heritage," very suitably concludes the book and underscores its predominant theme of continued extraction of western resources by outside capital. The author ably points out the dilemma of both the liberals and conservatives of today, neither of whom can take a clear-cut position on the evil or good of the development without encountering embarrassing historical inconsistencies in his own argument. All in all, the whole book, and particularly the final chapter, make challenging and thought-provoking reading. It will be both damned and praised in Montana, but it will be read. In this alone, it has a big jump on many books.

"I have just been reading your January issue of Montana Magazine, and I have enjoyed it. I would like to bring to your attention a man that lives near Thompson Falls. His name is Theodore McEvers. He is 78 years old and has lived there since he was 8 years old. His mind is bright and he has a remarkable memory.

"He can show you a part of the old trail used by the Shoshones going to the Blackfoot country to hunt. This would be the same trail used by Lewis and Clark going down the Columbia. I have always felt that he could contribute something to early Montana history, and it is with that in mind that I write you.

T. A. Needham
Ronan, Montana

The publishers are continually intrigued with the knowledge that many old-timers, still lucid in memory, are living and carry with them a treasure trove of first-hand historical knowledge. Unfortunately, lack of time and staff makes it impossible for us to follow up many of these interesting leads.

Pertinent Paragraphs in The Editor's Packet . . .

"I have received the Russell slides and the copy of Calamity Jane. Will check the slides later this day, but want to hurry about saying that the book is fine! So good, in fact, that I am encouraged to make an arbitrary rule: Since it is financially impossible to buy all the volumes of Western Americana available, I have just about made up my mind to confine my purchases to those published in the West, with, of course, a few exceptions such as Sandoz, et al. It would seem a policy quite practically tied to the subject matter of the library, a sort of loyalty not only to the field but to those out here who do so well in the matter of preserving and publicizing the record of their own domain. I would like to present my sincere thanks to you for making Calamity Jane available. The book is well printed and well bound, and from rather brief examination of it I gather that it is well documented and edited; I would like to congratulate Mrs. Solld not only for having put together a valuable Western reference work but also for having come into the hands of the Western Press. It was a little shock to me, however, that 2,000 copies were considered sufficient for the trade; I could anger a little at this when I consider the hundreds of thousands of best-seller prints of transient and ephemeral subject matter—"Peyton Place," "Lolita," and even the "beats!"

Lynn Martin, Trustee
Winnifred Martin Memorial Library
Brookville, Kansas

Although it does not fall in the purview of the magazine, we feel this letter referring to our second Western Press book is of interest. The Historical Society of Montana hopes to continue in the field of books on Western subjects.

Good Western Books . . .

If you can't find them elsewhere, try us. These are only a few of the titles now in our extensive stock: (Order, care this magazine with payment enclosed, to guarantee immediate delivery prepaid by us).

1. THE CHARLES M. RUSSELL BOOK, by Harold McCracken. \$23.50
2. VIGILANTE DAYS & WAYS, by Langford with an introduction by Dorothy Johnson. Limited Edition 18.00
Regular Edition 6.00
3. AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF HISTORIC PLACES. . . 12.50
4. THE GREAT WEST, edited by Charles Neider. . . . 11.50
5. MONTANA POLITICS SINCE 1864, by Ellis Waldron. . 10.00
6. GOOD MEDICINE, by Charles M. Russell. 10.00
7. CHARLES M. RUSSELL BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Karl Yost 9.00
8. THE COWBOY AT WORK, by Fay E. Ward. 8.50
9. CHARLES M. RUSSELL, by Adams & Britzman. . . . 7.50
10. BEFORE BARBED WIRE, by Mark H. Brown & W. R. Felton. . . . 7.50
11. BOREIN'S WEST, Illustrations by Edward Borein. . . 7.50
12. THE CATTLEMEN, by Mari Sandoz. 6.50
13. LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FRANK GROUARD, by Joe DeBarthe. 5.00
14. DAKOTA COWBOY, by Ike Blasingame. 5.00
15. TALE OF VALOR, by Vardis Fisher. 4.95
16. TRAILS PLOWED UNDER, by C. M. Russell. . . . 4.95
17. GOODBYE, OLD DRY, by Dan Cushman. 3.95
18. BUFFALO BILL, by Gardell Damo Christianson (Juvenile) 2.95
19. EARLY LIBBY & TROY, MONTANA, by Olga W. Johnson 2.00
20. VIGILANTES OF MONTANA, by Dimsdale (latest edition) 2.00

In addition to many other books, we stock almost 150 C. M. Russell art reprints. Send for our free list of other books, prints and useful Western Americana.

"I see many names of old friends in your story of the starvation years among the Piegan Indians (Winter 1959). So to me 'Montana' is like a letter from a long lost friend. I notice in the Alberta Historical Review (Winter 1958) issue they say Hugh Monroe was born in Montreal in 1784 and died 1892, age 108. In the late J. W. Schultz story in 'Montana' (Summer 1957) he says Hugh Monroe was born in Montreal in 1798 and died in 1896, age 98 years. Monroe was buried in front of the Old Catholic Mission beside his grandson and Charles Rivois, Blackfoot Reserve.

George Bolton,
9710-120th Street
North Surrey, B. C.

" . . . Infrequently errors creep into the [book] reviews such as appeared in the Winter 1959 number when the biography of Patrick Gass was the subject. Copy reader, or reviewer had Gass and the Lewis and Clark expedition dated 1893; . . . Wellsburg, West Virginia, when it should have been Wellsburg, then Virginia, not West Virginia; and the name of his church as Campbellite when the church never bore that name. Courthouse records in present Wellsburg show that around 1832 the name was "The Church of Christ of Wellsburg" (organized in 1823 by Alexander Campbell), and by 1848 the church official records show the name of "Disciples Church" and in the same record "Christian Congregation of Disciples". It was either or both of these latter names the church bore when Gass became a member". . . .

W. R. Vivrett, D.D., Pastor
East End Christian Church
So. Highland Ave. and Alder St.
Pittsburgh 6, Pennsylvania

We are especially chagrined that our proofreader failed to correct the date of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which, of course, should have been 1803! We are grateful when our careful readers point out errors, which have a way of creeping in no matter how diligently we try to avoid them.

"I have read the Charles Russell special edition of the Montana magazine of Western History and enjoyed it very much. The cowboy artist of Montana was a very wonderful man and it is very clear from his remarkable pictures, especially of horses, that he loved cowboy life in the wild West. I have gathered a great store of information about roping and wrangling cantankerous cattle, branding calves, hunting wild horses, buffalo, elk and antelope, not to talk of bronc twisters, grizzlies, coyotes and chinooks. He seemed to have great sympathy for the Indians and to realize that their day was almost done, and his pictures of the Indian way of life in the great spaces are very realistic and seem alive. I am keeping this magazine for my little nephews—they will be thrilled with it, especially with the horses. It is a lovely book and I am very proud to have got the chance of reading it. I think Montana must be a wonderful country, but it has witnessed such changes from the pioneer days that it was no wonder Russell didn't take too kindly to automobiles or electric light!

This is part of a delightful letter received by State Auditor John J. Holmes from his niece, Sister M. Rosalie of the Convent of Mercy, Roscommon, Ireland. We are grateful to Auditor Holmes for allowing us to share this message from the Emerald Isle.

" . . . As for Montana magazine: I share Jack Ewers' opinion that it seems impossible that it could be better. However, each new issue is! It is one of those rare magazines that is a constant joy; a combination of excellent scholarship, delightful style, and rare beauty of designing. . . ."

Fr. Peter John Powell
St. Timothy's Church
Chicago 24, Ill.

Want a Tax Deduction?

Not only are gifts of cash to the Montana Historical Society deductible, but so are gifts of property. Gifts of property can take many forms—paintings by our Montana artists, sculpture, Indian artifacts, original journals, letters or diaries—anything of historical significance is welcome. The fair market value of the gift is the tax deduction, regardless of how little you paid for it initially, or its original value.

You can even continue to enjoy possession of the item during your lifetime. For example, you may not be willing to part with a Russell or Seltzer painting at the present time, but would like a tax deduction now. This you can do—give the painting to the Montana Historical Society but reserve lifetime possession. You will be entitled to deduct the present value of what the Society will eventually receive.

There are many ways in which gifts can be made. Operating a publically supported institution like your Society, has meant that we have had to research this matter exhaustively. We would be happy to discuss with you or your tax advisor the most advantageous form of gift for you from a tax point of view.

You can help yourself now by helping the Montana Historical Society develop, on a long-range basis, its priceless art, museum and library collections. Posterity will be the winner.

Explosive, Frenetic and Often Tragic . . .

These are the key words in the introduction of a forthcoming book, *MONTANA: AN UNCOMMON LAND*. They pinpoint the essence of what undoubtedly will be the most provocative—and controversial—book relating to Northern Rocky Mountains and Great Plains history since Joseph Kinsey Howard's *Montana: High, Wide and Handsome* appeared in 1943.

Written by the former Director of the Historical Society of Montana, Dr. K. Ross Toole, *MONTANA: AN UNCOMMON LAND* will prove shocking to some people, controversial to many, and stimulating to everyone. Because of its nature it cannot be endorsed by this Society; yet we would be remiss if we did not call attention to it.

MONTANA: AN UNCOMMON LAND appears headed for regional and national recognition. It is as scholarly as it is sometimes shocking; as profound as it is often sensational; and its 276 fact-packed pages are deserving of a wide and discriminating audience.

Through arrangements with the University of Oklahoma Press we are able to pre-sell *MONTANA: AN UNCOMMON LAND*, now, at the regular price plus postage. On this basis you are guaranteed delivery of an early first edition immediately after the present release date of May 25, 1959—and sooner if this can be speeded. Your check or money order for only \$5.15 covers everything. To be assured of a collector's first edition, plus the earlier opportunity of reading a provocative conversation piece, we urge you to act immediately! Simply mail your order to the Historical Society of Montana, Roberts at 6th Ave., Helena, Montana.



IN MONTANA, PRIDEFUL PAINTING OF THE PAST IS DIRECTED TOWARD FUTURE PROGRESS

In recent years important Montana business houses and industries have displayed great perceptiveness in publicizing the Treasure State's rich heritage in the form of art in public and private buildings.

The two subjects reproduced on this page are typical of scores of significant ventures into the field of historical art. These are two of four large dramatic panels of a mural just unveiled in a Helena banking house. The work is that of Irvin "Shorty" Shope, contemporary Montana cowboy artist, who has mixed historical know-how with a deft brush for many years.

In another local bank, in an impressive new building, there will soon be installed a notable art contribution in the form of a huge ceramic historical mural created by Rudy Autio, whose impressive work now graces buildings at the University of Montana, churches and offices in several cities and a huge diorama in the new State Museum at Helena.

In Great Falls and Missoula, Les Peters has contributed beautiful wild-life murals to a major bank and a hotel. Ken Ralston has painted vivid and inspiring episodes of the Old West for a number of important business houses at Billings and other cities of Eastern Montana, as has Jim Master-son of Miles City. The able work of Elizabeth Lochrie and the late Henry Meloy graces other public and private buildings, as does the work of many other Montana artisans, too numerous to mention here. . . .

In this beautiful State, just a few strides removed from stirring Indian wars and gold strikes, from stagecoach and river boat days, from buffalo hunters, wolfers, bullwhackers, cowboys, missionaries and hurdy-gurdies—where many of their relics of habitation still stand—this is a fitting gesture. It not only inspires younger generations, but it adds impact to the great drawing power of Montana as an outstanding tourist mecca.

These prideful depictions of our exciting past are part of the progressive attitude of The Carter Oil Company, Hotel General Custer at Billings, Reber Brothers Plumbing and Heating Contractors of Helena, Treasure State Life Insurance Company, McKee Printing Company, Montana Bank of Great Falls, The Anaconda Company, Reporter Printing and Supply Company of Billings, Northern Pacific Railway Company, The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Frontier Town at McDonald Pass near Helena and the Montana Power Company—sponsors of this publication.

The illustration above is titled "Commerce," the one below, "Exploration." They were painted by Irvin Shope and appear by courtesy of the First National Bank and Trust Company of Helena.



